

# COUNTRY LIFE

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SPEAIGHT.

LADY GERARD AND HER DAUGHTER.

157, New Bond Street, W.





THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## EDUCATING THE GARDENER.

ONE wonders what that immortal gardener, Andrew Fairservice, would have thought if confronted with the announcement that after next June gardeners will be subject to examination and awarded diplomas just as if they were members of a learned profession. No doubt, as the scheme is voluntary, it will not be taken advantage of fully at the moment. But the movement in favour of the educated gardener is bound to grow, though we can scarcely believe that any considerable portion of those who are desirous of earning a livelihood as working gardeners could at this moment "either produce a certificate of University Matriculation or the like, or pass a qualifying test." Andrew, no doubt to his great vexation, would be completely out of it, skilled gardener as he was. Nevertheless, much has to be said in favour of this scheme of the Royal Horticultural Society. Gardeners, after all, are divided into two well-marked classes—one, that of the labourer who toils in a garden, and the other that of the skilled horticulturist who makes of his calling a great profession. Unquestionably, there is in it abundance of scope alike for learning and for the exercise of mother wit or original genius. The field, too, is always on the increase. Not so long ago only the great gardens were planned and designed by artists. Comparatively

few of those who built small houses thought it was at all necessary to employ anybody for the purpose of drawing up garden plans. They enclosed so much ground, pegged off a part for the cultivation of herbs and vegetables, then laid out the rest in garden plots and lawns according to any rough idea that might come handy to them. Nor was the result always unsatisfactory. Some of the gardens that in the course of two or three generations grew under a succession of fostering hands are really worth looking at to-day. But this cannot be said, by any means, of the vast majority, which were "without form and void."

To-day things are different. There has been a great awakening on the part even of those who build smaller houses and make smaller gardens. Thanks to the incessant teaching of writers like Mr. William Robinson and Miss Jekyll—to name two only out of many—it has now become generally recognised that a garden is no longer merely a splash of colour, but a picture which may be made to change and modify itself in harmony with the changing seasons. In itself, it should be attractive from the beginning of the year to the end. Of course, there must always be times when it will swell out into the great splendour of which it is capable, and there are weeks in December and January when its fascination is brought to the lowest limit. But it will yield no effects such as these to unskilled or unthinking minds. He who would follow the occupation of Father Adam to-day has to master a craft that ever becomes more difficult, even though it also grows more delightful. And in that species of gardening where the useful is more highly praised than the beautiful, namely, the cultivation of vegetables, there is still plenty of room for the display of education and ability. Scarcely anything is grown for the table nowadays that has not been vastly improved from the article of the same name that was set before our ancestors. Probably, too, the palates of those who eat them become more fastidious owing to the choicer fruits and vegetables that are placed before them. It is no longer sufficient for the gardener merely to grow things. He must cultivate them to a nicety of perfection, and for this the practical training that used to be thought sufficient will no longer do. The youth who wishes to get on and deserves to do so will not be content with acquiring the merely mechanical part of his art, but will go on from point to point increasing his knowledge as he increases his skill. Upon the career of such the Royal Horticultural Society will do well to place its hall-mark. In the future we may be certain that there will be a great demand for the educated gardener.

It is understood that the Royal Horticultural Society is offering the same advantages to the lady gardeners. In the past they have rivalled and very nearly outrun the other sex in the care and steadiness with which they have prepared themselves to make gardening an art really worthy of pursuit. At the same time the movement among them is certainly in need of a fillip. In horticulture and its kindred arts, such as dairy work and poultry keeping, the open-air girl has opportunities which do not fall to many of her sex. She must be open-air to begin with, because it is very evident that any woman who had a merely indoor ambition would be miserable if compelled to do gardening or similar work. But to those who like it, the career opens a way to that independence which is so greatly prized by the modern woman. A girl, clever with hands and head, can easily make ends meet in gardening and earn a little over. Hers is the delightful task of cultivating flowers and fruits for the table, and, as a designer either of the garden beautiful or of floral ornament for the table, she has chances to make full use of any artistic gift which she may possess. The number of places, too, at which the services of a woman gardener are required tends steadily to increase. Many people, in fact, care only for such a garden as a woman can manage almost without help. They say, with a considerable amount of truth, that it is as easy to buy vegetables as to cultivate them, and they hold the opinion, which our old friend Andrew Fairservice would have considered blasphemous, that a vegetable garden is a thing of ugliness which is best kept out of the way.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration is of Lady Gerard and her youngest daughter Heloise. Lady Gerard is the daughter of the late Sir Martin Le Marchant Hadsley Gossehn, G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., C.B., and married her cousin, Lord Gerard, in 1906.

\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



# COUNTRY NOTES



It is significant of a great change of spirit that the bequest of £5,600 for the purpose of restoring the Lady Chapel in the beautiful Priory Church at Christchurch should have aroused the liveliest apprehension on the part of all who are solicitous for the maintenance of our beautiful and historical old buildings. The fact may be accepted as a welcome sign that the fever of restoration under which the Victorian Era suffered is now passing away. The iniquity of it is clearly explained by the secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings in our present issue, and was set before the public by Lord Ferrers in the *Times* of Tuesday. But to understand it, one really has only to look around. There is scarcely in the whole of the United Kingdom a parish, or at any rate a district, in which misguided attempts at restoration have not led to the virtual destruction of all that showed continuous history in those parish and other churches which stood so long as monuments no less to the piety than to the good taste of our ancestors. Restoration is as impossible as its attempt is wicked. Mr. Caröe, indeed, says that there are originals which may be faithfully copied; but it should be taken as an axiom that no work of art can be copied. In the attempt to do so it loses that aroma of individuality and distinction which marked it out as a thing apart. We cannot put back the clock.

No one could possibly better Lord Ferrer's exposition of what it is possible and wise to do. To put it all in a phrase, the motto of the present day is: Preserve, but do not attempt to restore. What we possess in the shape of heritage from the past can at a very small outlay of money be maintained and handed down to those who come after us; but to spend the sum of £5,600 on a small chapel must inevitably mean a displacement of something that should not be displaced, and additions where no additions can be of advantage. Mr. Powys has dwelt on one or two directions in which an evil activity might find scope. There is the idea, which is understood to be in the air, of substituting new painted windows for the plain glass. There is no wish on the part of any responsible person to say that in these days beautiful painted glass cannot be produced. The age is probably as artistic as any that went before; only to suit the church it would be necessary for the artist to imitate the old, with the result that a mere "fake-mement" would be placed beside the genuine stuff and the fine mediæval feeling of the old church be entirely sacrificed. Again, though the idea is inconceivable, an attempt might be made to restore the reredos to what is supposed to be its original condition. This would be little short of sacrilege in the eyes of those who think the reredos in its present condition "so exquisite that its first perfection could hardly be imagined more beautiful." We show a photograph of this fine piece of work, in the fullest confidence that whoever looks upon it will feel horrified that the idea of tampering with its beauty should for a moment have been entertained.

In a little preface which Dr. Shipley has written to his article on the Wood-boring Beetles and Westminster Hall, the writer makes a criticism which once heard will be acknowledged convincing. After recalling the fact that an expert in timber examined the roof twenty-eight years ago and reported it sound, also that Mr. Caröe accepted this report and so did

Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, he records his dissent. At the present moment the timbers are so decayed that there are holes in them as big as a boy's body, and Dr. Shipley cannot believe that they have been made in a period of twenty-eight years by so small a larva as that of *N. tessellatum*. Common sense compels one to believe that he is right, and his explanation of the probable manner in which the report came to be drawn up is at once courteous and reasonable. "I fully believe that the beams that were examined in 1885 were sound, but I doubt if every beam or piece of wood was examined." The remedy proposed is drastic, but thorough. It is to remove the whole of the roof and replace it with a temporary one till the other is disinfected.

Lord Grey made a very fine speech at the opening of the ninth conference of the International Co-operative Alliance, which has been sitting this week in Glasgow. His thesis was that the way of salvation—in other words, the way to surmount the economical difficulties by which we are beset at the present moment—lies in the adoption of the co-operative principle. The most pregnant passage in the speech was that in which he condensed his creed into a paragraph. Co-operative buying is better than individual buying. By co-operative transportation and marketing it is possible to eliminate every unnecessary toll and the middleman who takes it; but honourably remunerate the middleman who is necessary. The co-operative use of power, instead of the individual use of expensive machinery, is cheap and profitable. Lord Grey, in a word, set before his hearers a very high ideal, and those who object that, like many other ideals, it is not fully realisable may be answered by a homely proverb well known to the industrial community amid which his address was delivered: "If you try for a silk gown, ye'll maybe get the sleeve on't."

## A SUMMER DAY.

From Yalding Bridge to Teston

The Medway purls and flows,  
A line of silver gloomed with green  
And shade of willows old that lean  
In sad repose.

Down to my boat I wander

Through lanes whence perfume blows,  
Where frail and sweet the hedge-vines meet,  
And, spreading shyly to the heat,  
Blooms the wild rose.

The water splashes coolly,

And there with dainty pose  
A darling with bewitching eyes  
Waits to be sculled to Paradise,  
All day, until in western skies  
The sunset glows.

W. K. SEYMOUR.

Everybody who cares for really thoughtful writing will get M. Poincaré's new book, "How France is Governed." We understand the book was composed some years ago, but it comes very *à propos* to-day. M. Poincaré, as President of the French Republic, has covered himself with distinction, not glittering, dazzling distinction but that other sort which is awarded by the sober judgment, not only of Frenchmen, but of citizens of the world. He has indeed performed the duties of his high office with rare dignity and tact, showing himself when occasion demanded it a profound thinker and most accomplished orator, and at other times capable of a reticence which might be profitably imitated. His book possesses the qualities of the man. It is alert and modern, but sound and conservative also. The President accepts Republicanism as the only form of government possible in France after the war of 1870, but he is not one of those firebrands who regard the history of kings and potentates as belonging to the black ages. On the contrary, he is finely alive to the greatness and glory of the France that held so high a position in Europe from the Middle Ages onward to the day of Napoleon Bonaparte. He would have us live in the present and yet cherish and remember the past.

A correspondent has directed our attention to the Rural Reform Supplement of the *New Statesman* for August 2nd. It contains a very full enunciation of the rural policy drawn up by a committee of the Fabian Society, which for the past year has been investigating rural problems. Its importance is derived from two circumstances. One is that it is made by Mr. H. D. Harben, the chairman, and the other that among the committee of the Fabian Society is Sir Sydney Olivier, who not long ago was appointed Permanent Secretary of the Board of Agriculture. Thus the programme is not without significance.



We do not mean to comment upon it at the present moment, but our readers may be interested to know that among its recommendations are: A minimum wage of twenty-three shillings for agricultural labourers, accompanied by a fifty-hour week and one half-holiday a week. A State survey of cottage accommodation. Local authority to be given two years to make up deficiency, failing which no grants in aid from Exchequer for any purpose. Loans to local authorities for cottage building, coupled with a State grant in aid. An irredeemable mortgage on land in lieu of part of Death Duties. Nationalisation of railways and a State motor service. Many of our readers will consider that these proposals are of a wild-cat and impossible character; but it is as well for them to know that such ideas are in the air.

Much instructive reading is furnished by the records of the Railways Blue Book issued a few days ago. Many of the facts throw a light on our changing habits. For example, there is a diminution amounting to no fewer than 31,900,000 in the total number of railway passengers; but as this is accompanied by a large increase in the receipts from passenger traffic, it shows that while the railway is abandoned for the omnibus in short journeys, there are more people who can afford to take long trips. While the third-class passengers grew by 43,000,000 in 1910, the increase in tramway passengers was no less than 163,000,000. The prosperity of the railways at the present moment is largely due to the goods traffic, which, of course, is responding to the general buoyancy in trade. The disquieting feature from the point of view of the shareholder is the steady increase in the cost of railway working, which grows at a greater pace than the income. "The increase in gross receipts" (we quote from the report) "was largely exceeded by that in working expenses, and net receipts fell by 2.6 per cent." Three causes are given to account for this. They are: Greater outlay in locomotive power; enlarged traffic expenses; and a rise in wages which amounted to 3.8 per cent. in the year.

Dublin Week is an evergreen institution that seems to grow younger and more vigorous with the passage of the years. This time it has fairly surpassed itself. Irishmen have recently been enjoying a time of great prosperity. The summer is one of the most beautiful ever experienced, and a full harvest is advancing happily to a finish. In a word, the world is going very well with the Irishman, and accordingly his characteristic merriment is simply bubbling over. Dublin has never known more visitors for this time of the year. They, and the pronoun includes both those who are bent exclusively on pleasure and others who combine business with it, have been pouring into the Irish capital by every possible avenue. Strangers have crowded the steamships, the distant members of the community thronged the various lines of railway, and those who live at all within range have swarmed into town by every known means of progression, from the latest thing in motors down to the most ancient jaunting car, or even to the still more primitive "Shankies Naigies." The show itself was worthy of the occasion. Nowhere do they breed horses more successfully than in Ireland, and the increased entrants this year testified to the prosperity of that business. It is significant that the increase in the entries of hunters amount to no fewer than seventy-eight—as good a sign of the times as could be wished.

During the declining days of autumn few flowers are capable of creating so brilliant a display in the outdoor garden as the dahlia, a plant that has undergone many changes at the hands of the hybridist during recent years. In place of the old and large formal flowers that were so highly appreciated a decade or two ago, we now have large, ragged-looking blooms that are inappropriately named peony-flowered, as well as those of semi-double character that the nurseryman delights to call collarette dahlias. Useful though these may be in the garden, they do not possess that air of refinement found in the older types, and the dainty little pompon dahlias still remain supreme for the garden and for cutting. At the Royal Horticultural Society's meeting on Tuesday last still another type was shown, the flowers being single and resembling in shape those of a cosmea. The colour of this new-comer is a charming shade of rose pink, and it should possess considerable value for table decoration and for massing in the garden.

It is to be feared that we do not now keep the Feast of St. Partridge and make our preparations for it with the same respect and ceremony as in the days when stubbles were long, guns were loaded at the muzzle, and birds were found by the pointer and the setter. That is a very pretty picture which is suggested in the charming letters of Sarah Lady Lyttelton of her father and mother, Lord and Lady Spencer: "I left Papa and Mama both hard at work cleaning his gun, an employment

which begins to be extremely attractive, the 1st of September being next week. We now spend a great part of each breakfast and dinner talking over the different plans he has made for shooting parties. He begins with Mr. Player's partridges, then goes to Cowdray." In a letter written towards the end of the first month of partridge-shooting, she gives us an insight into the sport and bags of the time: "He has had most excellent sport, delightful weather and what he calls really good sort of pleasant society during his jaunt, has shot very well himself (thirty brace in four days)," and so on. From this modest total and the satisfaction it afforded we are able to form an idea of the number of birds deemed sufficient to make "a good day" in that less exacting age.

The Pytchley Hounds, after spending the summer in the kennels in Althorp Park, will shortly return to their headquarters at Brixworth for the hunting season. As the head kennels are in the middle of the village at Brixworth, the staff, no doubt, have found the arrangement satisfactory in every way, and there is not the slightest question that the change of quarters must be beneficial, the regular buildings getting well sweetened by the rest. The old house adjoining the Althorp Kennels is a justifiable source of pride to Lord Spencer. Although the balcony from which ladies in olden times used to watch the hawking parties in the park, has disappeared, the house is otherwise in excellent preservation. Separating the orchard from a paddock is a stone wall at least seven feet high, on which may be read the inscription: "This wall was jumped by a hunter called Reviv in the year 1890, who got over merely touching the coping stone." A feat well worthy of commemoration.

#### TO HANNAH.

(A Derbyshire Friend.)

'Annah, they says yo' says as week boy week,  
'Appen 'twixt ceolin' th' milk and settin' th' tea,  
Yo' taks a leook at COOUNTRY LOIFE fur t' seek  
Fur pomes and that boy me.

Oi nivver dreamt as gells wor soft enough,  
Wi'out they worn't not 'ardly roight i' th' 'ead,  
To waste theer toime a-readin' sooch-loike stouff,  
Wich means nowt w'en all's said.

But as it should be yo! Oi allus thoort  
Yo' spent yer arterneons and evenin's out  
A-watchin' th' cricketin' or ony spoort  
As folkses wor about.

And yet Oi'll non deny as Oi beant proud  
Ter think, besides mysen, as there be one  
As reads moy rhoymes, fur tho' one beant a creowd,  
Still one's one moore nor none.

'Ere's teuthry moore wrote now! Oi've 'afe a moind  
To axe 'em if they'll put 'em in, and then,  
Bov Goy, yo'll one foine mornin' weake and foind  
Some poytrv all t' versen.

THE GARDENER.

Book-lovers were shocked to learn on Wednesday that Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the well-known bookseller, died at noon of that day. He was still in the prime of life—his forty-third year, to be exact. He had taken ill while in America in 1911, and never thoroughly recovered. Mr. Quaritch admirably filled the position made by his father, the founder of the firm, in the latter half of the nineteenth century. He had been trained in Leipsic, and brought not only a keen intelligence but the best preparation into the business, which under his management made very great strides, as may be judged from the fact that at the Van Antwerp sale his bill amounted to about £12,000 out of a total of a little over £16,000. He was, indeed, the uncrowned king of the second-hand book trade.

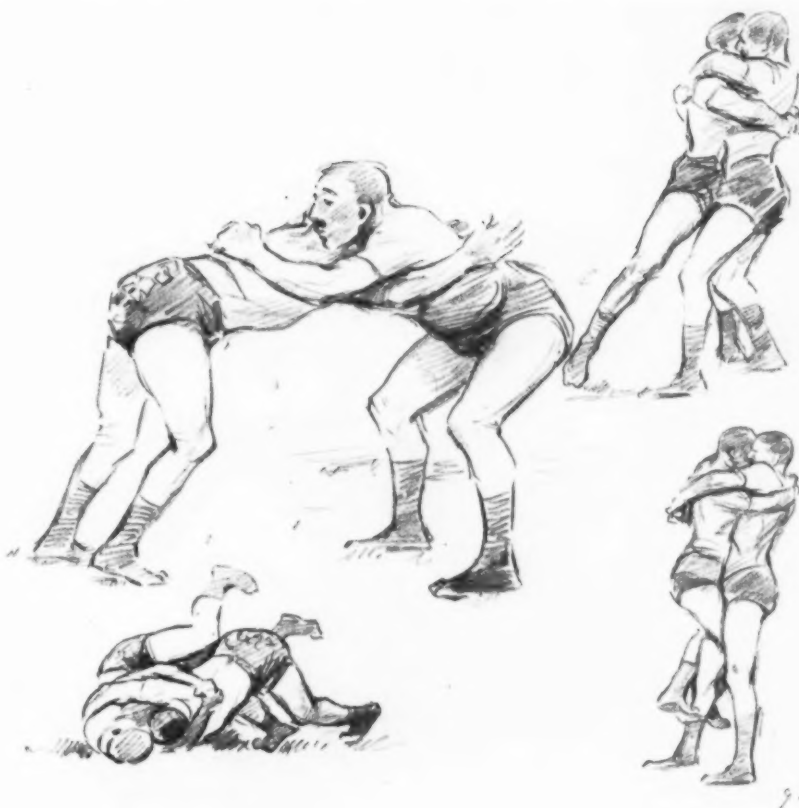
The criticism has been made, but it has been strongly refuted, that the Scotia, the whaling vessel which has lately returned to Dundee after "ice-scouting" in the Arctic, had achieved little useful work. As a matter of fact, it is greatly to be wished that the companies owning the Transatlantic liners may see their way to employing this, or some other, ice-scouting ship as a regular thing. Besides the value to shipping of knowing the course that the bergs are taking as they detach themselves from the great floe, there are many other interests affected by the ice in the Northern Atlantic Ocean. It is strongly suspected that the altered temperature of the water, created by the presence of numerous large bergs, has some influence on the movements of salmon and other important food fish.



## WRESTLING AT GRASMERE.

SOME forty years ago, about a fortnight later in August than the annual Rush-bearing sports, a humble wrestling meeting was held at Grasmere. Year by year this little affair has gained power and reputation, rapidly eclipsing the ancient function, and in time becoming a Northern, and almost a National, festival. Its prize list has grown to the plethoric value of two hundred and fifty pounds, and a ground is specially reserved for its annual occurrence. In the same period Carlisle has been ousted from its proud estate as first wrestling ring, and to be "King at Caryl" is no longer the highest honour an athlete can attain. Other famous sports have departed altogether, and many of our athletes will not recognise the names of Flan, the Ferry, Tan Hill and Reston at all. Right down the years Grasmere Sports have been ruled by an autocratic committee, so strong in their zest for "fair felling" that they have often been blamed for following the occasional practice of "Belted Will" Howard, great administrator of Border law and keen exponent and encourager of wrestling in the good old days of "hanging first and trying afterwards." But King Barney is an insidious foe, and for years the ring at Grasmere alone attempted to withstand his gangs of complacent athletes and betting men. The Cumberland and Westmorland style of wrestling is now governed by its own association, an active body presided over by the Earl of Lonsdale, and "barneying," alias the selling of victory, is severely dealt with.

Grasmere has long been the premier ring of wrestling in the North Country style. "Do they practice this much?"



"COOMBERLAND" STYLE: SOME POSITIONS.

is whispered by strangers round the ring to-day, and one must needs laugh. Two score of official wrestling "academies" in our dales' villages, and hundreds of evening contests in this farm and that. Only two Sundays ago the knot of farm and quarry lads on the

bridge broke up and made a move towards the fields, loosening ties and waistcoats as though a general *mêlée* was to end the afternoon. Braces were twisted into belts, boots discarded and trousers rolled to the knee. "Whe-er's thy cap, Jim?" and the big lad who had collected an armful threw them high in the air. According as the caps "lit" near each other the lads felt themselves drawn for partners, and in three minutes the first pair were sparring for holds. Wrestling is the odd-time amusement in the dales, and has this advantage, that age does not readily wither nor custom stale its devotees. Men with silver hair competed to-day with youths to whom the first shave is a well-remembered thing—last year's winner, Robinson of Newcastle, must have been a leading exponent of the sport for thirty years at least. The two hundred odd entrants at Grasmere are all tried wrestlers, and no longer is the skill divided among the few. One can remember George Steadman and Lowden almost "taking turns" at winning the head prize here, with Hexham Clarke following them as an incomparable champion. And the variety of play is wonderful—the lightning-like rushes to bring off a shrewd back-heel, the fierce hug which precedes the inside or outside hipe, the bustling cross-buttock in every style and form, with half-nelsons, and inside and outside strokes—Andrew Lowther (a name which Cumbrians still pronounce "Loother") won his way through the middle-weight



THE FELL RACE: CLIMBING THE WALL NEAR THE START.



class with a succession of fine hips, a form of attack to which his sinuous form and whip-like muscles give him advantages; and Hayhurst, burly and with feet widespread, used his tremendous strength to great effect. The winners of the heavy-

of a sturdy young fellow, attired in wrestling costume and thick overcoat, running six times round the course in an attempt to "fetch" off the few more ounces than eleven stone which he carried. And writing of costumes reminds one that the



THE HILL RACE: COMING DOWN THE HILL.

weight and light-weight classes were W. Ritchie of Maryport, a finely built sergeant of police, and T. Simpson of Bootle, an athlete as stockily built as the limit of nine stone two pounds would admit. A lighter item of the wrestling was the sight

not usually associated with beauty competitions. Dicky Howe, the Bellman, proclaimed "This is to tell ye that ye waint see Joe Bowman ner Bob Farrer again to-day: they are blaant oot for barneying."

WILLIAM T. PALMER.



THE BELLMAN.

"This is to let all people knaa that Joe Bowman and Bob Farrer has been blaant oot for barneyin'."—(Disqualified for arranging a tall.)

committee offer a prize for the neatest wrestling costume—which leads to some freaks of dressing. Wrestling singlet and drawers do not offer scope for much variety, so the decorations are chiefly carried on a part of the frame



A HEAVY-WEIGHT WRESTLER.

With some idea of decoration!



# WOOD-BORING BEETLES & WESTMINSTER HALL

By A. E. SHIPLEY.

The very serious state of the magnificent roof of Westminster Hall has led to much correspondence in the Press. Mr. Carö tells us that Mr. John Gaymer, an expert in timber, reported that the roof was sound twenty-eight years ago; the distinguished architect confirms that report, and Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence accepts it. I, however, find it difficult to accept. I fully believe that the beams that were examined in 1885 were sound, but I doubt if every beam or piece of wood was examined. Considering the present deplorable condition of the timbers, a condition so decayed that there are many cavities as big as a man's head and some as big as a boy's body, I cannot but believe that so small a larva as that of *X. tessellatum* has taken more than twenty-eight years to effect such wholesale destruction. Like minor prophets, these experts call the larva of the beetle a "worm," but it is no worm. It is the larva of a member of that group of animals which for intelligence, for powers of co-operation, for industry, come next to man and in some respects surpass him. Surely in the year of Our Lord 1913 the accomplished baronet might relinquish the zoological nomenclature of William Shakespeare.—A. E. S.

**A**BOUT this time of year, or, rather, a little earlier, the beetles, male and female, whose larvæ bore in sawn timber emerge for a few weeks from the darkness of their hidden chambers, and for the first time in their life see the light of day. Their time, however, is but short. In a few days the male has fertilised the female, and soon disappears. The female lives a little longer and apparently lays her eggs in some crack or cranny of the timber, and then also she is at an end. There is, of course, a certain pathos in all this, for no parent beetle ever sees or tends its offspring, and the offspring are ever deprived of parental care.

For some years a species of wood-boring insect (*Lyctus brunneus* Steph.), belonging to a family of small beetles known as the Lyctidae, seems to have been rapidly establishing itself in Great Britain. In 1890 Fowler, in his "British Coleoptera," recorded it as "very rare" in England, but it is now only too common. At the present moment it is hard at work destroying panelling in a large lecture-room at Cambridge, which was only put up in 1910. The wood which it is there destroying is known commercially as African walnut, and it is possible the beetle was introduced with the wood from Africa, for it is a cosmopolitan beetle, and it is well known to occur in many parts of that continent. At the other end of Cambridge



Fig. 1.—*Lyctus brunneus* Steph. Magnified ten times.

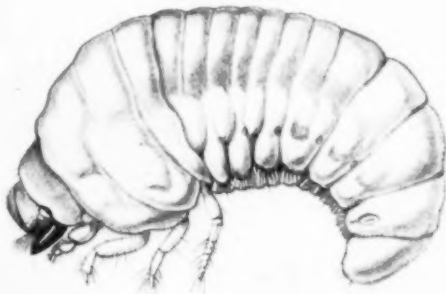


Fig. 2.—The larva of *L. brunneus* Steph., magnified fifteen times, seen from the left side.

ward and visible sign of a piece of furniture or panelling being infested is a little heap of sawdust, which is pushed out by the larva before pupating or by the beetle as it emerges during the height of the summer, this dust lies as a small pile of powder below the exit. The owner of the Italian table mentioned above tells me that he has found within the last few years an amount of sawdust which would nearly fill a bowler hat. On examining the infested wood numerous circular holes of about a millimetre in diameter are found scattered over the exposed area. As a rule these holes lead into a small passage running at right angles to the surface. Occasionally, however, the passage is oblique. Entering one of these circular holes we traverse first a passage uniform in character and

free from sawdust. Sooner or later this strikes at right angles into a wider passage running longitudinally up and down the soft wood, a passage somewhat flattened in shape and between

two and three millimetres in width. These passages are crowded with sawdust, and at the end of them will be found small white larvæ about two millimetres long. This larva has powerful mandibles, by means of which it eats its way through the wood. Sometimes these passages fork, and often those of neighbouring larvæ are so close together that the partition between them is not much thicker than blotting paper. Many tunnels are in the same vertical plane, and the wood readily splits along this

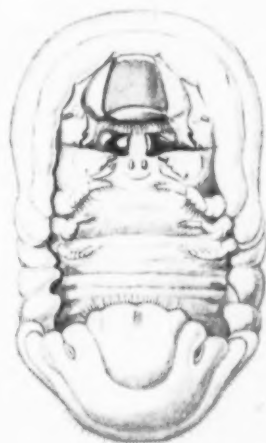


Fig. 3.—The larva of *L. brunneus* Steph., seen from the under surface and showing the way the body is curved and hollowed out. The side biting mandibles are the darkest appendages. Magnified fifteen times.

plane. In a recent investigation we failed to find the pupæ, but we found more than one example of their cast skins. This is not to be wondered at, as the pupæ turn into male and female beetles at the beginning of the summer, and by the time we began to inspect the wood the pupæ had changed into beetles, and the beetles had nearly all left the burrows.

Apparently the female does not care to lay her eggs on bark; she prefers worked wood, and seems to lay her eggs on its more or less smooth surface. The larvæ are probably hatched out in a few weeks, and begin to burrow to the depth of a centimetre or so, and then commence their longitudinal tunnels which are so destructive to the timber. In the spring, at any rate in most species, the larva directs its tunnel towards the surface, and is sometimes said to make an opening at the surface, through which it expels part of the sawdust. On the other hand, it seems doubtful if the larva could squeeze itself along a passage but a millimetre in diameter, and it may

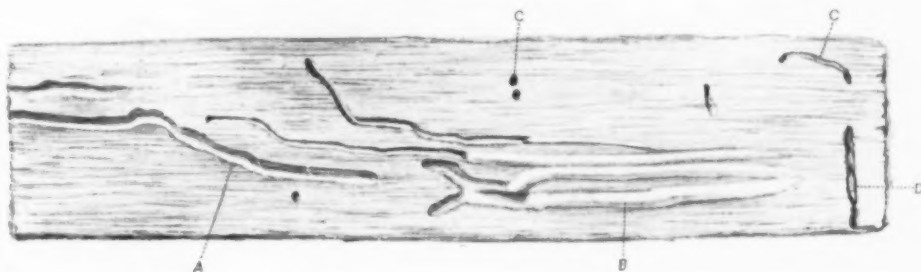


Fig. 4.—A piece of African walnut, split to show the two kinds of tunnel. (a) The larval tunnel from which the sawdust has been scraped out. (b) A larval tunnel in which the sawdust has remained. (c) Transverse section of the tunnels a millimetre in diameter which are free from sawdust. The second (c) is a longitudinal section of the same. (d) Two beetles are making for the surface of the wood.



be the dust is only pushed out at the emergence of the much narrower and less bulky beetle. In Fig. 4 two beetles are shown on the right leaving the wood.

Another insect, about one-third of an inch long, which is constantly causing widespread disaster in our timbers is *Xestobium tessellatum*, the "death-watch," a very much larger beetle than *Lyctus*, but even then not large for a Coleopteron; perhaps it attains about half the size of a well grown earwig. In the year 1698 a gentleman of the prophetic name of Mr. Benjamin Allen described the death-watch in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, which at that date professed to give "Some Account of the Present Undertakings, Studies and Labours of the Ingenious in Many Considerable Parts of the World." He records that it "makes

a noise resembling exactly that of a watch; it is faithfully the very same, and liv'd four days with me, beating exactly." It "has obtain'd the Name of Death-Watch, which yet I have known to be heard by many, where no mortality follow'd." Mr. Allen names the beetle *Scarabæus Galeatus Pulsator*, and says that he found it some years before in a rotten post. He tells us that it makes the noise like a watch "by beating its Head on the Subject which it finds fit for Sound," and he obviously recognises that these ticks are a call to other members of the same species.



Fig. 5.—*Xestobium tessellatum* (the death-watch). Magnified eight times.

At the present moment the Government are spending large sums on the magnificent roof of Westminster Hall, which is said to have been put up by Richard I. Much of the timber of this roof has been destroyed by the ravages of this wood-boring insect, or rather of its larvæ. Great beams have been almost completely hollowed out, and some of those which superficially appear to be sound are but little more than a sponge-work of fibres (Fig. 8). *Xestobium tessellatum* is a fairly long-lived insect, and no doubt the magnitude of its depredations corresponds to the length of its life. Professor Whitehead kept one of the larvæ for three years before it attained maturity, and the beetles in the adult form apparently live for at least twelve months. Their characteristic love-call or "tick" takes place in winter as well as during the warmer weather. This ticking accounts for the fact mentioned above, that the animal and some of its allies are the "death-watches" which are so alarming to elderly ladies if heard in the depth of night, when every sound is magnified. The rationalistic Dean Swift makes fun of the superstition in the following lines:

. . . . . A wood-worm  
That lies in old wood, like a hare in her form:  
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch,  
And chambermaids christen this worm a death-watch;  
Because like a watch it always cries click;  
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick!  
For, sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,  
If the maggot cries click, when it scratches the post;  
But a kettle of scalding hot water injected,  
Infallibly cures the timber affected:

The omen is broken,  
The danger is over,  
The maggot will die,  
And the sick will recover.

According to Kirby and Spence, the ticking is thus produced: "Raising itself upon its hind legs, with the body somewhat inclined, it beats its head with great force and agility upon the plane of position; and its strokes are so

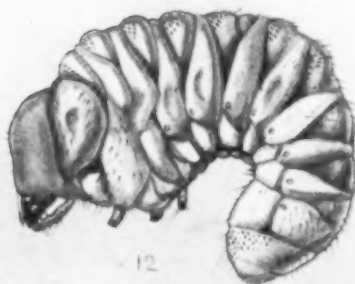


Fig. 6.—*Xestobium tessellatum* (the death-watch) larva. Magnified twelve times.

powerful as to make a considerable impression if they fall upon any substance softer than wood.

The general number of distinct strokes in succession is from seven to nine or eleven. They follow each other quickly, and are repeated at uncertain intervals. In old houses where these insects abound they may be heard in warm weather during the whole day. The noise exactly resembles that produced by tapping moderately with the nail upon the table; and when familiarized, the insect will answer very readily the tap of the nail." And, indeed, if one has one of these beetles in a small box, one can induce the ticking by gently tapping five or six times with a lead pencil on the table close to the box.

An allied form to the death-watch is *Anobium domesticum*, whose larvæ flourish in the oldest and driest of woods, where *Xestobium* prefers a somewhat moister diet. Another *Anobium*, *A. panaceum*, is very catholic in its tastes. Not so dangerous as a wood-borer as its relatives, it will live upon biscuits, bread, cayenne-pepper, rhubarb-root, and frequently attacks ship biscuits, making them quite unfit for human food. Although by no means allied to weevils, the larvæ of this species are the cause of what are called "weevilly biscuits," too well known to sailors. Their tenacity of life must be considerable, for several consecutive generations of this species are known to have lived on a diet of pure opium! They flourish on paper, and Mr. Butler records a case in which "twenty-seven folio volumes in a Public Library were perforated in a straight line by one" of these insects, "and so regular was the tunnel that a string could be passed through the whole length of it, and the entire set of volumes lifted up." Many years ago they destroyed some Arabic manuscripts in a library at Cambridge. They are also inveterate enemies to herbaria. The difficulty of checking these insects is very great when once they are established. Poisonous vapours under great pressure might do something, but it is impossible to think of applying such measures in Westminster Hall. Apart from the physical impossibility, there is the danger of killing a Member of Parliament! The same thing is true about the *Lyctus*. Except under very great pressure you cannot succeed in forcing poisonous gases or liquids through the long tunnel, tightly packed as it is with the finest sawdust. In certain American factories insect troubles have been got over by heating various rooms to 120deg. to 130deg. Fahr. That, again, does not seem possible in either of the cases in question. Applying formalin or corrosive sublimate is almost equally difficult. The only real sound remedy is to remove the wood-work, destroy the affected parts, and treat the parts that are sound and such new parts as must be inserted by some method which renders the wood unacceptable to the insects. The greatest difficulty, however, is to know whether what seem to be the uninfested parts are really free from the burrowing larvæ, or from the eggs of future generations of burrowers. To be thorough in treatment the entire roof of Westminster Hall should be removed and replaced for a time by a temporary corrugated iron roof. The infected wood should be burnt, the suspected beams quarantined and only used again if they prove sound.



Fig. 7.—*Xestobium tessellatum* (the death-watch) pupa. Magnified eight times.

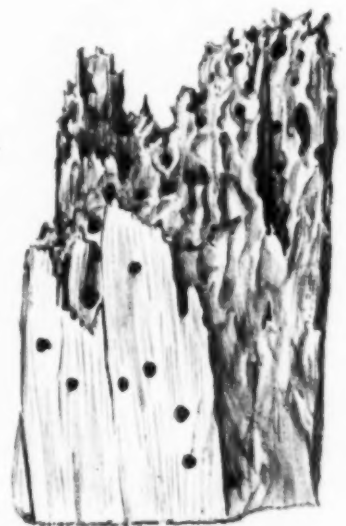
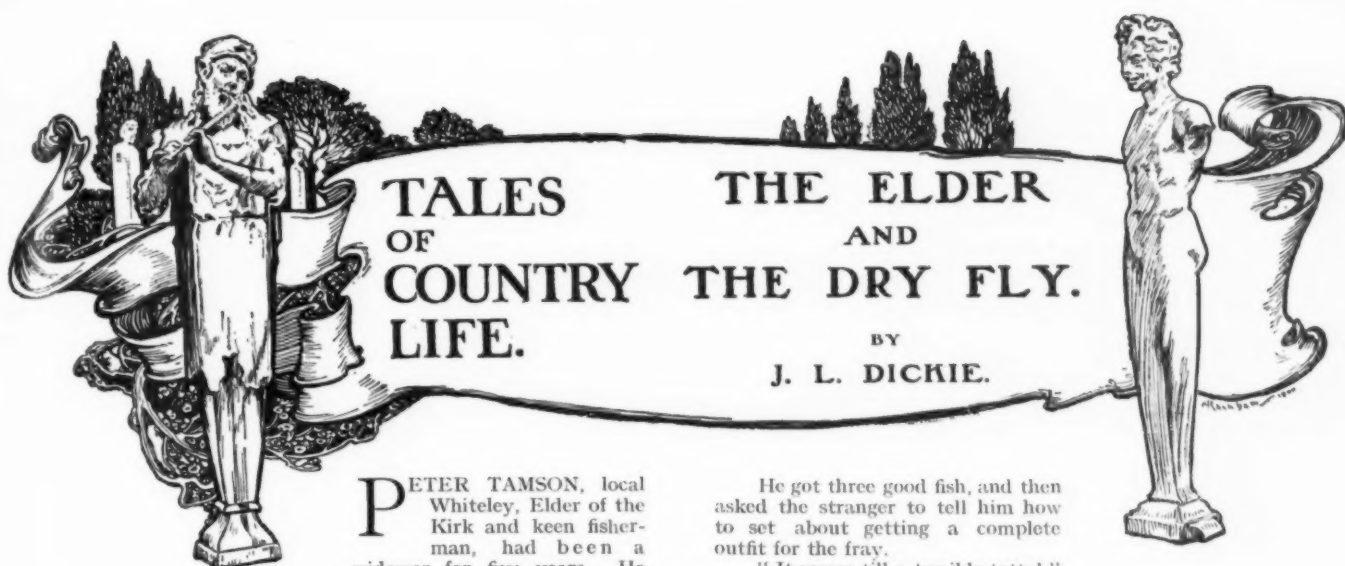


Fig. 8.—A portion of wood from the roof of Westminster Hall, destroyed by *Xestobium*. Diminished by one-half.





# TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## THE ELDER AND THE DRY FLY.

BY  
J. L. DICKIE.

PETER TAMSON, local Whiteley, Elder of the Kirk and keen fisherman, had been a widower for five years. He was a well set-up man of forty, and was reputed to be warm financially. This last was not true, as he'd lost nearly all his little capital in a wild cat scheme to extract gold from sea water; still, the reputation remained, and that was something. The Rev. John McGollach, Minister of the Parish, had frequently advised Peter to marry again, as he was childless and lonely, and Peter had gone the length of getting engaged to Janet Birse, a bonny, upstanding girl of six-and-twenty, but with no tocher. It was the tocher or dowry which stuck in Peter's gizzard, for he had a keen eye to the main chance, and thought every woman ought to bring her "plenishing" to the man she married.

As all knew, Peter's real bride was his little ten-foot green-heart rod, trusty weapon of years, with which he killed great baskets of speckled trout which wrung the Southron summer visitor's heart, for he, with all his fine gear, could not put up a show like Peter at the end of a long day's fishing. But one day came a wily Southron who opened Peter's eyes and made his heart loup with jealousy. It was mid-August, and the Quaich was dead low and as clear as gin. Peter was having his usual Wednesday afternoon "at the watter," as it was half-holiday and the shop was shut. The sky was steel blue, and a brazen sun poured down on the Elder as he flogged his favourite pools. At five he sat down and confessed himself beaten, not a trout had he got. But his heart lightened as he saw an Englishman (you can always tell them in the glen, for glenfolks are stamped "glen") coming wearily, as he thought, down the river. He lit his blackened clay and sat waiting with joy the baiting of the Sassenach.

"Aye," quoth Peter, "its some dry and bricht the day for the trouts."

"Not an ideal day, is it? Can you tell me where Lord Peat's water ends?"

"Ye—re at the booundary noo," said the Elder, and added, not without a touch of sarcasm, "a 'spose ye'll no have done much the day?"

"I've got a few, a fair take under the conditions of sky and water."

"What!" shouted Peter, who could not bear the idea of being bested in his native stream, "they'll no be many an' they'll no be big than I'm thinkin', sir!"

"Oh, not really so bad, you know."

"Micht I juist have a look at them," said the "doubting Thomas."

"Oh, with pleasure," and the Englishman took off his dainty creel and produced a fat linen pocket, from the depths of which he unrolled ten of the bonniest trout Peter had ever seen.

"Guid preserves, a bonny, bonny basket. That biggest's aboot two and a hauf poonds, and this yin's aboot—but hoo on earth did you catch them? It fair beats me. There's no a man in Glengollach can touch me, me Peter Tamson, at fishin', an' you're a bit Southron body, and doon ye come and mak' a basket I'd be proud o' myself."

The Englishman smiled and made allowance for the injured pride of the Elder. "Well, you see you're fishing wet fly and I'm fishing dry, which makes all the difference. If you'd fished 'dry,' you'd probably have beaten me hollow."

"Mphm, bit what's 'dry' fly? I never heard tell o' that" (Test and Itchen were myths to Peter).

"Well, you want a special rod and special flies to start with, and you watch a fish rise and put it over him, and you mustn't strike so quickly as in fishing wet."

"Aye, well noo, wad ye do me the kindness to jeest explain it aal an' I'll try it myself?"

"Oh, with pleasure." The Sassenach initiated Peter into all the mysteries of the dry fly and let him try his prentice hand.

After a little he got into the style of it, for he was really a grand fisherman, and quick in the "uptak" where fish were concerned.

He got three good fish, and then asked the stranger to tell him how to set about getting a complete outfit for the fray.

"It comes till a terrible tottal," murmured the Elder, as he added up the items one by one with a stubby inch of pencil in a dirty notebook. "Noo, jeest let's see; there's the bit rod, five poonds; it's an awful like price for a wand, tho' it's a bonny ted and lichtsome in the hand; the pirm to haud the line, taw poonds ten, a terrible lot o' siller for a wee wheelie like that; an' the line thirty shillings, a puckle flees wan poond, castin' lines ten shillings, landin' net (Peter never used one, and lost many a trout thereby) twenty-five shillings; I'll stick to my ain creel. Your bawskit's gey an' genteel, but mine hauds jeest as muckle an' at less money. 'Noo, lat's see, what's the tottal? Guid sakes, man, it's eleven poonds ten, a year's rent or a hoosful o' furnityer. I'll need to think it over; it's a deil o' a lot o' money."

The Sassenach smiled, and, proffering a cigar, bade him "good afternoon" and went his way back to Lord Peat's water.

Peter lit the cigar, took a pull at an ancient flask which he had in his breast pocket, wiped the sweat from his troubled brow and thought aloud.

"Wi' that new gear, I'd fairly beat auld Gollach" (the disrespectful sobriquet by which the Reverend John McGollach went in the Glen). "I'd like to tak' him doon a peg; but then there's Janet. I was juist reckonin' twal poonds wad see me mairrit and get the two three noo sticks o' furnityer so as Willie Shakespeare wad say, 'Tae marry, or no tae marry, that is the question.' Janet's a fine wummun, but ae yon's a bonny rod." The Elder's greedy eyes glistened as he thought of it. "But I'll awa hame an' have me supper," and he rose and strode down the glen to his cottage.

Pinned to the door was a note from the Minister, asking him to come and see him that evening.

After a good plateful of porridge and new milk, followed by a cup of Birse tea (tea with a glass of whisky in it), he walked to the Manse.

"Come in, Peter," said Mary, the Minister's housekeeper, and showed the Elder into the study, where the Reverend was puffing vigorously at a very black cutty pipe.

"Aye, Peter, hoo are ye?"

"Fine, thank ye, Meenister; hoo's yersel'?"

"Oh, brawly, Peter; but I'm some disturbit about you an' Janet. Her faither's been here and insists on the merrage takkin' place at once, for he says you've dandered wi' Janet's affections ower lang."

"Oho," said Peter, bristling, "that's the kind o' crater he is, is it? Well, that decides me, for I've been cogitatin' a' afternoon aboot it, one meenute for aye, an' anither for no, and sae ye may tell him *no* it is. Guid nicht." And Peter was from the Manse like a rocket, and quickly in his cottage, barred and bolted.

Presently, to his surprise, there came a knock at the door.

"Who's there?"

"Me, Peter. I want tae speak to ye, man."

Peter recognised Janet's silver tones, and opened to let her in. "Weel, Janet, is anything wrang?"

"Aye, Peter, everything's wrang. It's a good while since we plighted troth, and my feyther's determined for me to mak' a breach o' promise case o' ye, an'—"

"Did he?" roared Peter; then, in gentler tones: "An' what did you say, Janet?"

"I jest said, 'I'm fine able to fight my ain battles, feyther.'"

"Janet, ye're a guid woman, an'—here that split cane rod danced before the Elder's blinking gaze—"but I canna marry ye, for tho' everybody thinks I'm weel aff, I lost a' my money in a gold-fandin' thingie."

"Peter," said Janet, putting her hands tenderly on his shoulder and gazing into his eyes, "it's no yer money I want, it's juist yersel', an' together we'll soon fill anither stockin wi' siller, laddie."

For a moment the Elder struggled hard with himself; rods, reels, lines and dainty little flies danced before his eyes, but he



choked the greed in his throat with an effort. "Janet, we'll tae the minister now about the banns."

A month later the village was gay with the festivities of Peter

and Janet's wedding, and the most prized present was a long parcel containing a complete dry-fly outfit with a note inside: "A wedding present from the Sassenach."

## THE MANY WAYS OF ROAMING.

Then follow you, wherever hie  
The travelling mountains of the sky.  
Or let the streams in civil mode  
Direct your choice upon a road;

For one and all, or high or low,  
Will lead you where you wish to go;  
And one and all go night and day  
Over the hills and far away!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THERE are doubtless many ways of spending one's summer leave, but none that I can dream of more delightful, more peaceful or more invigorating than in camping, and when we can pitch our tents on the shore of an Irish lough, with free trout-fishing at our door, or along the Devon or Cornish shore, then this is surely the ideal. Roaming as we do the year round in van or tent, it might be thought that we were somewhat *blasé*, and that after some six years or so of a gipsy life at home and abroad the joy of it had somewhat palled. This, however, is not the case, and with each year we only enjoy the life more fully. We cannot all be gipsies the year round, but for awhile at least we may, and that with much advantage in every way, both in fitness and in pleasure. As the great art of successful camping lies in the knowledge of exactly what is *not* required in the way of tents, equipment and personal kit, I will endeavour to describe what, in my opinion, is the outfit necessary for a camping holiday on an Irish lough, the Highlands of Scotland, the English coast, or where-soever you may please to wander. The size of the party is, of course, immaterial; it may be two, four, six or more; but, in spite of the old saying, "the more the merrier," I

am inclined to favour six as the maximum number, for with increasing numbers the cook—who, remember, is (or should be) somewhat of an artist—is apt to lose heart and something of his skill, and cooks then as for a beanfeast rather than a select gathering of vagabonds. Tents, being of most importance, head the list, but, before going further, let me point out the advisability of buying, at the outset, the necessary



FIXED CAMPS: ON THE FRINGE OF A WOOD.



MOTOR CAMPS: A HALT BY THE WAY IN WALES.





SPORTING CAMPS: BREAKFAST BY THE LOUGH.

equipment. It is the most economical holiday possible, and therefore a few pounds or so should be willingly spent in obtaining a sound tent and kit. Hiring is not only expensive in the long run, but generally most unsatisfactory, the tents often being old, leaky, ugly and of the second-hand Army bell type, and the equipment generally of poor quality. Again, there is so much pleasure to be derived from the selection and getting together of one's own kit. Presuming, therefore, that the following equipment will be purchased, we must look ahead and choose with an eye to future wanderings, for we can go a-roaming in so many ways—with a motor, two-wheeled cart with tilt, caravans or even with the humble ass and panniers. Lightness, strength and durability are therefore of importance. To continue, I am much in favour of Willesden canvas tents; they last longer, keep—or, rather, appear to keep—cleaner, are far more snug and there is no glare in a bright sun; they are far more durable, also better weather resisters. The ridge-pole pattern is undoubtedly the most comfortable and best suited for camping. The one we use was built to my own design, and is called the "Fortmason Junior"; it is made in two weights, one being a much stouter tent than the other, otherwise the two are similar. The size is ten feet by eight feet, seven feet to the ridge, with a small verandah, three feet by eight feet, completely closed at will in front. One tent weighs seventy-five pounds, the other—which was made to carry on my Oakland car—is but thirty pounds. Both are made in Willesden canvas; which you choose entirely depends on whether you have a car or contemplate having one, in which case certainly get the lighter, as sooner or later you will surely wish to go motor-trekking. The heavier tent will, of course, last longer and stand wind better; the price is the same within ten shillings. A ground sheet is recommended, as it adds so much to comfort. No tent should in any case be pitched in the open without shelter of some kind, however slight, as flapping canvas is not conducive to sleep.

The camp furniture is of a simple nature. A bed, and I somewhat favour the "XL" pattern, for it is lighter than the "X"; but I still long for something even lighter, for our three beds are the

heaviest item we carry. Beds I refuse to do without; they keep the camp and tent neat and tidy, for straw beds and waterproof rubber sheets are an endless trouble; besides, the gain in comfort is immense, and they help to keep the blankets clean. An "X" camp bath and washstand are required, also two canvas buckets. The most suitable table that I know is the "X," with folding canvas top. The most comfortable and generally useful chair is the "Rhoorki," while one or more stools are always handy. The "X" luggage stands will be found very useful; they are both inexpensive and light, and with a piece of millboard on the top they make excellent emergency tables for the cook in the kitchen tent. A tent for this latter purpose, by the way, can be any light, cheap pattern; the one we use is some six feet square and six feet high to the ridge-pole, made of a very light material, and weighs but a few pounds, while the poles are of bamboo.



CAMPING ABROAD: IN A MOORISH GARDEN.





WITH ASS AND PANNIERS: BY A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

For bedding, blankets or blanket-bags as preferred, red is a good colour. Cotton or linen sheets are not suitable or advisable; cashmere, however, makes a delightful sheet and is inexpensive. For carrying water, sailcloth or canvas buckets will be found far handier than the ordinary galvanised iron ones, as they are so much more easily packed. The cooking is best done with a "Primus" wickless stove; a small oven for use with this stove can easily be carried. Table ware, cutlery and kitchen utensils are best of aluminium or enamel; the former is, of course, more expensive at the outset, but it is so much lighter and lasts practically for ever. A petrol tin we have found makes the best can possible for carrying paraffin oil. While on the subject of oil, much trouble is avoided with the stove if this is always filtered through the special funnel supplied, and remember that the "Roarer" pattern stove is by far the best to use for camping. A latrine tent and seat, also a small spade, should be carried. I have not given a list of the kitchen utensils, neither the number of knives, plates and other things required, as this depends so much on the size of the party and one's individual requirements. However, Gamage stock three hampers that I have recently designed, and these contain everything complete for four people, together with sufficient knives,

plates and other things to entertain one's casual acquaintances of the road should they join the camper's table. One of these hampers contains everything for the table, another is the cook's box, and holds every kitchen requirement, while the third, and smallest, is the stove box which takes the oven, stove and other oddments. A light suit-case apiece will generally be found sufficient to hold one's personal requirements. This finishes, I believe, the whole equipment.

We will now consider the different ways of roaming, and these, as I have said before, are with an ordinary touring motor-car, a two-wheeled camp-cart, a caravan, a boat, an ass with panniers or with tents alone, travelling by train to one's destination. With all but the last a wandering holiday can be taken. If, however, we journey by rail, no doubt the idea would be a fixed camp, either on the coast, inland on the moors, or among the mountains.

To show the charm and possibilities of each of these methods of roaming, I have selected some of our photographs which, I think, clearly illustrate the different ways of camping. The equipment given above is fully sufficient for four people to camp in comfort, and that it is easily packed on a five-seater car I know; for it is the identical kit we wander with on our Oakland. The same kit we frequently pack on the camp-cart, which



ON A MOUNTAIN TRACK.



carries it easily. By train, it can naturally be sent anywhere, either by goods or passenger.

Should the idea of an ass with panniers prove attractive—and there is no doubt that this method holds a peculiar charm all its own, for there are so many glorious spots, far off the beaten track, amid moor and mountain, that can only be reached in this way—then a somewhat modified kit must be taken, unless a drove of donkeys be employed; for instance, Pegamoid ground-sheets should take the place of camp beds; an aluminium kettle, frying-pan and saucepan, with one "Primus" stove, become our sole means of cooking, for the oven must be left behind. Chairs, also, can be discarded for stools. A light tent or tents, a table, bath and washstand, canvas buckets, blankets, and a modified cuisine and table ware can, however, be easily taken.

These are some of the ways of roaming. All have their charm and each their special delight. A fixed camp by the sea or Irish lough, with a merry party, is hard to beat, and many happy months have we spent in this way. Of late years the autumn has proved so often the best of all the year, and we have frequently lingered on in our camp amid the bracken on the shore till October, and sometimes even later. The days certainly get shorter and the nights somewhat cooler, but, gathered round a blazing camp fire of driftwood, it is snug enough. The smell of wet seaweed and the murmur of the sea on the sand make sleep more pleasant, while to awake and see the rising sun sparkling on the dew-laden bracken along the under-cliff, all gold and red in dying splendour, is a sight not soon forgotten. There is also so much fun to be had in a seaside camp—sport, one might even call it, for a basket of prawns becomes sport indeed when it is hunting for the pot. A shrimp-net, too, is very useful, for a "shrimp tea" in camp is not to be despised, although in a more civilised life it may not sound attractive. Sea-fishing, also, can generally be had, if only for small bass; hand-fishing from the shore, and, should rocks abound, larger fish can usually be obtained, spinning with a sand eel; or fly-fishing,

with an Alexandra or some other gaudy pattern. Mushrooming and blackberrying fill many odd hours—not exciting sport, maybe, but peaceful, and the bag at least is much appreciated when meal-time arrives.

There are few of us too old or lacking so much in enthusiasm that we cannot enjoy the gipsy life—fending and foraging for ourselves. Some of our most pleasant recollections are centred round our sporting camps, both fishing and shooting, in Ireland, by lough and river, moor and mountain. This is the sport I love. I know well the excitement of a big day's shoot and a heavy bag, but give to me one clean-killed bird, even a couple of rabbits for the pot, then to trudge through the gathering gloom to where, beneath a clump of pines, the light gleams out from the caravan windows. The bag may be small, but it fills the camper's larder—we return content.

Of the joy of caravanning there is little need to speak, but the charm of motor-camping is as yet not fully grasped. To suddenly decide, at the close of some sweltering day in town, to take the open road, to run down through the cool night to the coast and breakfast on the shore, to bathe in the sparkling sea and then to pitch a camp is quite possible and easy with a car and light equipment. Again, should one long for the Devon or Cornish coast what more easy than to start with camp kit aboard and camp by the way. E. HARVEY JARVIS.



THE OPEN ROAD FROM A CARAVAN.

## TREE-PIBIT AND YOUNG CUCKOO.

A FRIEND of the writer's, while cutting nettles from the side of a ditch, exposed to view a tree-pipit's nest containing a young cuckoo. This was on June 20th, 1913. Wishing to obtain a series of photographs of the foster-parents feeding the young bird, I visited







A. Brook.

GORGING THE RUFFIAN.

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the nest for this purpose four days later. The young cuckoo was then almost fully fledged, and quite strong enough to perch upon a post or branch. About four yards from the pipit's nest was a cowshed, in which I proposed hiding while photographing the birds. In the corner nearest the nest was a convenient hole, which I enlarged until the lens of the camera would just project through. Thinking the pipits may be rather shy, and have a difficulty in finding the young cuckoo if I moved it far, I placed a branch just above the nest and perched the young cuckoo upon it. The pipits were very agitated, and kept flying about with food in their beaks. After making certain that the young cuckoo was quite safe, we retired inside the shed and closed the door. I had barely placed a plate in position when I heard one of the pipits settle upon the corrugated iron roof above my head. The young cuckoo opened its huge beak in anticipation, and the pipit flew down on to the branch and proceeded to feed it.

During the next three hours I placed the young cuckoo upon several different perches, and at varying distances from the camera. The pipits were so tame that I was able to move the young bird to within a yard of the camera, and they would feed it quite unconcerned. When the young cuckoo was perched upon a post, upon which there was no room for the pipit, the latter bird would not settle upon the young cuckoo's back, but hovered in front and fed it while on the wing.

The meadow-pipit's nest was on a bare and lonely mountain, and the only covering that I had was one small bush in front of the camera. The birds could easily see me, but they fed their foster chick quite boldly. This young cuckoo was very restless, and kept jumping off the post, which was only a few inches from the ground. I would creep up to it and place it back again. The pipits could see me coming out and going back again, but they showed not the slightest fear. Birds

that have a young cuckoo as foster chick are much more bold than when feeding their own young. ARTHUR BROOK.

## THE LAND.

**Y**EARS ago the late Bishop Creighton—"the most alert and universal intelligence of our day," as Lord Rosebery posthumously styled him—when lecturing as a Don at Cambridge, prefaced his lecture on the Renaissance in Italy by remarking, "There is no subject on which it is easier to talk nonsense than the Italian Renaissance." To which doubtless had he been alive now he would have added, with that characteristic eye-gleam of his—"except land." The usual nonsense consists chiefly in these two beliefs, that the landowner is a rich man or that it pays to be a landowner, and that people prefer the country above the town. In regard to the first, the very opposite, of course, is the truth, and the writer has it on the good authority of a West

Country banker that the properties the Duke of B. has recently sold, which previously brought into his bank account a net four thousand pounds, will henceforth, when invested in good industrial and other securities, bring him in forty thousand pounds per annum.

Landed estates have, no doubt, like other good things of this world—paintings by old masters, Chippendale and Sheraton furniture and so on—appreciated in value of late

years, but the return from land—though it may exceed the return from a Rembrandt in the dining-room—is poorer than any gilt-edged security. Yet, owing to the fact that some dozen ground landlords in the big cities are exceedingly wealthy, there still lingers in the mind of "the people" the belief fostered by the land-taxers—that the average landowner is a rich and, of course, an idle man. The real truth of the matter is



A. Brook.

ASKING FOR MORE.

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this, that the true countryman, whether squire, yeoman or yokel, is "born," not "made," and some of our orators who talk so glibly of "getting back to the land" would cut their own throats or else go mad if they had to endure a month of the absolute loneliness which the hill farmer of the Cumbrian dales, who tends his "Herdwicks" on the high fells, or an "outlye" shepherd on the skirts of Cheviot, who lives with his wife and his "black faces" as his sole companions, have known all their lives. These men have unconsciously drunk in an affection for their simple and austere surroundings with their mother's milk. Indeed, to your true shepherd the "reek o' thae toons" is a poison; born on the windy moorlands, he takes his sheep to the "mart" by faint tracks over the fells, and can find his way home with his sheepdog across the "flows" and "wastes" through the misty night. One can easily discover amid a shepherd's family some members who have never been in a train in their lives. Yet this "earth-born" class, this tribe of "autochthones" is slowly dying out, for the gregarious tendency of democracy, the ease of travel, the desire for self-improvement, the ambition of "getting on" have all combined to drain the country of its youths, who listen eagerly to the call of the sirens and the song of Eldorado.

The real truth of the whole matter is that "the people" do not really like the country, and even the more aristocratic classes—apart from shooting and hunting—find perpetual residence in the country insufferably dull. Though they may turn over the pages of their COUNTRY LIFE with interest and enjoyment, they prefer Monte Carlo before the "secura quies et nascia fallere vita" of a Virgil. The less wealthy, as they cannot go to Monte Carlo, spend their "brass" upon the football match, the picture palace, the music-hall; they, too, are lovers of the town, not of the country. This contrast, of course, is as old as the first pink of civilisation. The point is that the town bacillus nowadays has attacked the rural "mus" so insistently that only old-age pensioners escape. This increasing desire for town life—due to the increase of civilisation, love of luxury, "motorataxia" or what you will—is sometimes attributed by extreme Radicals to the "feudal screw" or the "tyranny of the country-side exercised by the parson and the squire." As a matter of fact, practically all the amenities of the countryside are due to the squirearchy. Let me here briefly set down what has been done in our remote valley during the last eight years by the two squires—one of whom is always "in residence"—and the parson. A reading-room or institute has been given to the village, together with a billiard-table, which the members manage for themselves, paying for the upkeep out of their subscriptions. A miniature rifle range has also been built and given to the village in like manner. An organ has been presented to the church. A troop of Boy Scouts has been equipped; a doctor's subsidy and a nurse's fund have been raised, the resident squire being the treasurer in either case; and, finally, the energy of the parson has set afoot a co-operative store for the benefit of the poorer folk in the district. The condition of things, therefore, in our remote valley has changed considerably for the better; yet the youths



MEADOW PIPIT ON YOUNG CUCKOO'S BACK.

of the village are not contented. The cry is still: "They go." One has "got a start" as mechanic in a big motor garage in the town. To use a sporting phrase, the town has "put to sleep" the country.

Now, if you add to our original assumption that true lovers of the country are few in number the self-evident proposition that there is no "carrière ouverte aux talents" in rural retreats, you will have a sufficient explanation of the emigration into the towns. Most of the "minuti homines" or "smallmanni" the hinds and agricultural labourers of our era—have at present nothing to look forward to, and the true remedy would seem to lie in the direction of the scheme for establishing freeholders upon the soil, as suggested by Mr. R. E. Prothero in his excellent book, "English Farming, Past and Present," or as set forth by Lord Lansdowne in his recent speech. In this particular part of the world small holdings are of very little use in helping anyone to "get on" or start a career for himself; indeed, an entire group of small holders in our county have recently given up their holdings.

But if, on the other hand, you hold out the prospect of a freehold cottage to the industrious labourer and a freehold farm for the keen farmer, with a possibility of borrowing at a cheap rate from the State, you will open out a new vista; you will offer a career to the country-dweller, and so stay the imminent "landslide." That the State, ultimately, either by definite establishment of land banks or extension of the operations of the Board of Agriculture, will have to assist in financing so great a scheme is evident and, in the interests of the country as a whole, desirable. The great landlords are selling and the large farmers are buying, but, having bought, they will require capital for their farming operations—hitherto supplied by the landlords—and this capital the State should temporarily supply. It is, then, by freehold, and not by increase of small holdings, that the salvation of the countryman is to be secured. Such at least is the view of one who, while neither a large landowner nor a big farmer, possesses at least "as much land as will satisfy the King"—sufficient, that is, for his security during his tenure of office as a HIGH SHERIFF.

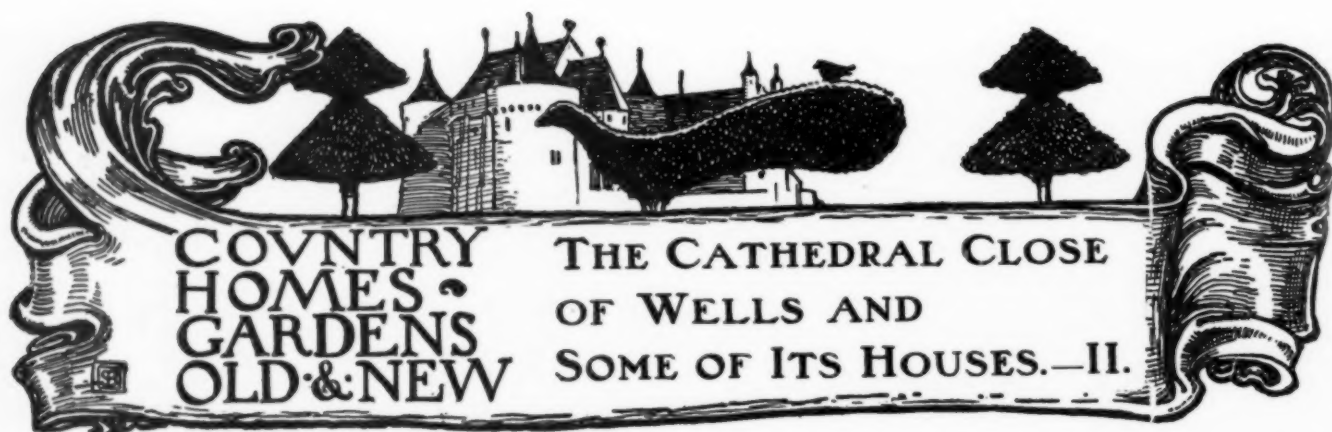


A. Brook.

CAN IT BE FILLED?

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THE Deanery house at Wells stands in about three acres of ground to the north-west of the Cathedral church, with a long frontage facing the Cathedral green. This has been the site of the Dean's residence for about seven hundred years. Peter of Chichester, who was Dean from 1220 to 1236, had lived here, and after his death Bishop Jocelin granted the house and grounds to the new Dean, William of Merton, and his successors for ever. The Dean's next neighbours on either side were Richard of Kenilworth, the chancellor, and Henry of London, the treasurer. Seven years after this (June 9th, 1243) we have a chance notice of the house. The Dean, John Saracenus, was giving a large dinner-party at noon, and a number of the canons were present. A gentleman arrived from the country insisting on his claim to a certain property belonging to the Church, but on being shown a charter in the presence of the company he at once withdrew his demand. We can only speculate as to whether this was before or after he had enjoyed the Dean's hospitality.

We have to pass over a hundred years to find our next notice of the house. It is an incidental reference to a campanile,

or bell-tower, which is described as situated "towards the Dean's court." Some ten years later we find the Dean enlarging his territory. John Carleton (1353-61) gets a grant from the Bishop of a canonical house adjoining the Deanery, which is said to be in irreparable ruin owing to the neglect of Nicholas de Coleshull and subsequent inhabitants; it is henceforth to be incorporated in the Deanery. On February 2nd, 1378, Stephen de Pempel, the Dean, is recorded to have died "in the Dean's lodging." When John de Fordham succeeded him a commission reported that the repairs of the Dean's lodging would cost £8 6s. 8d., and that the demolition of walls and gates of a lodging contiguous and appropriated to the Deanery would cost a further sum of £6 13s. 4d. These sums would correspond to about one hundred and fifty pounds and one hundred pounds of our money to-day. It seems quite likely that the canonical house thus added to the Deanery is the beautiful little house which faces the entrance gate on the north side of the courtyard and now serves as the gardener's cottage.

Once more we have a gap of a hundred years in our written evidence, and then we find ourselves in the time of our great

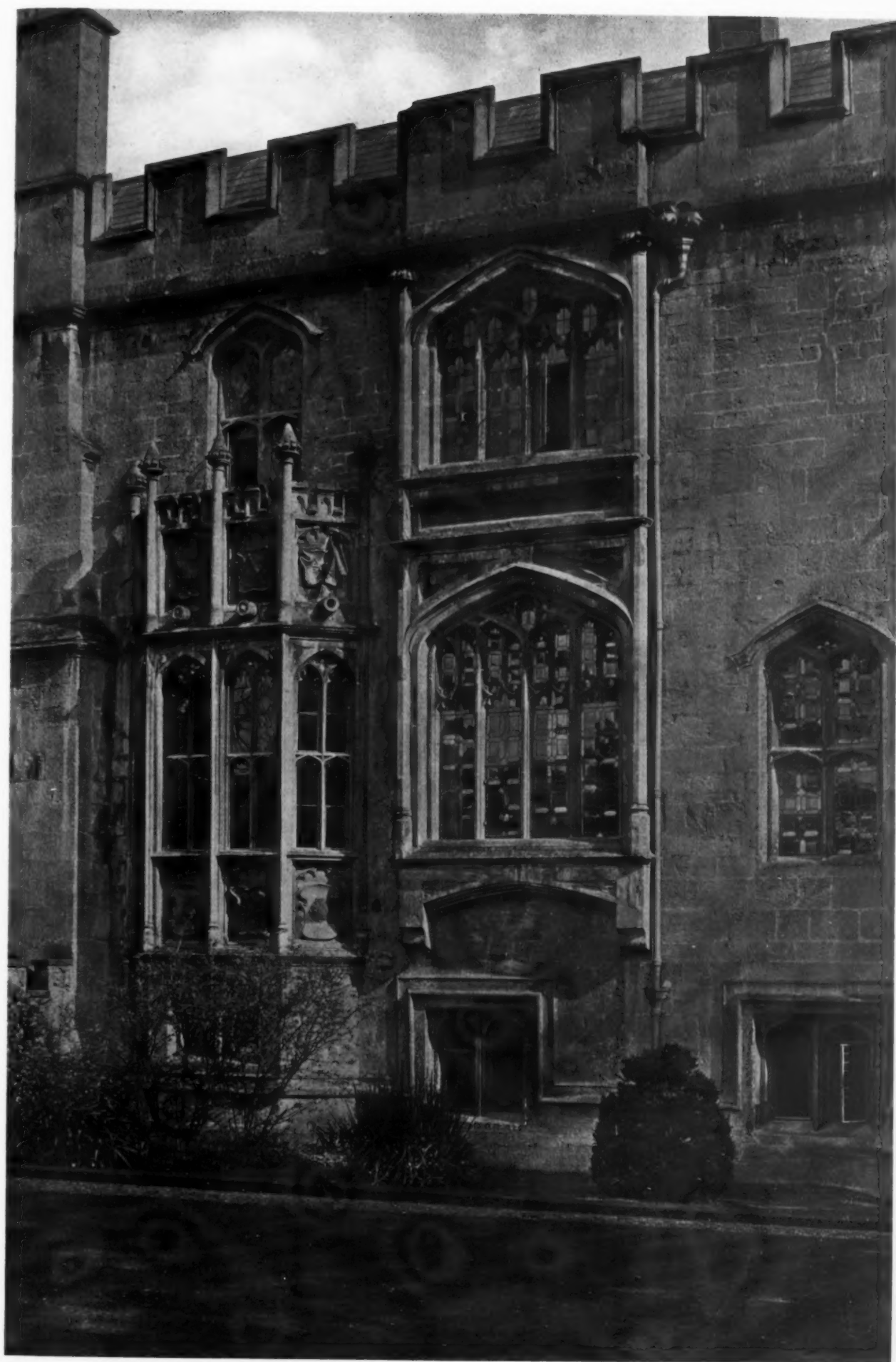


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THE DEANERY GATEWAY FROM INSIDE THE COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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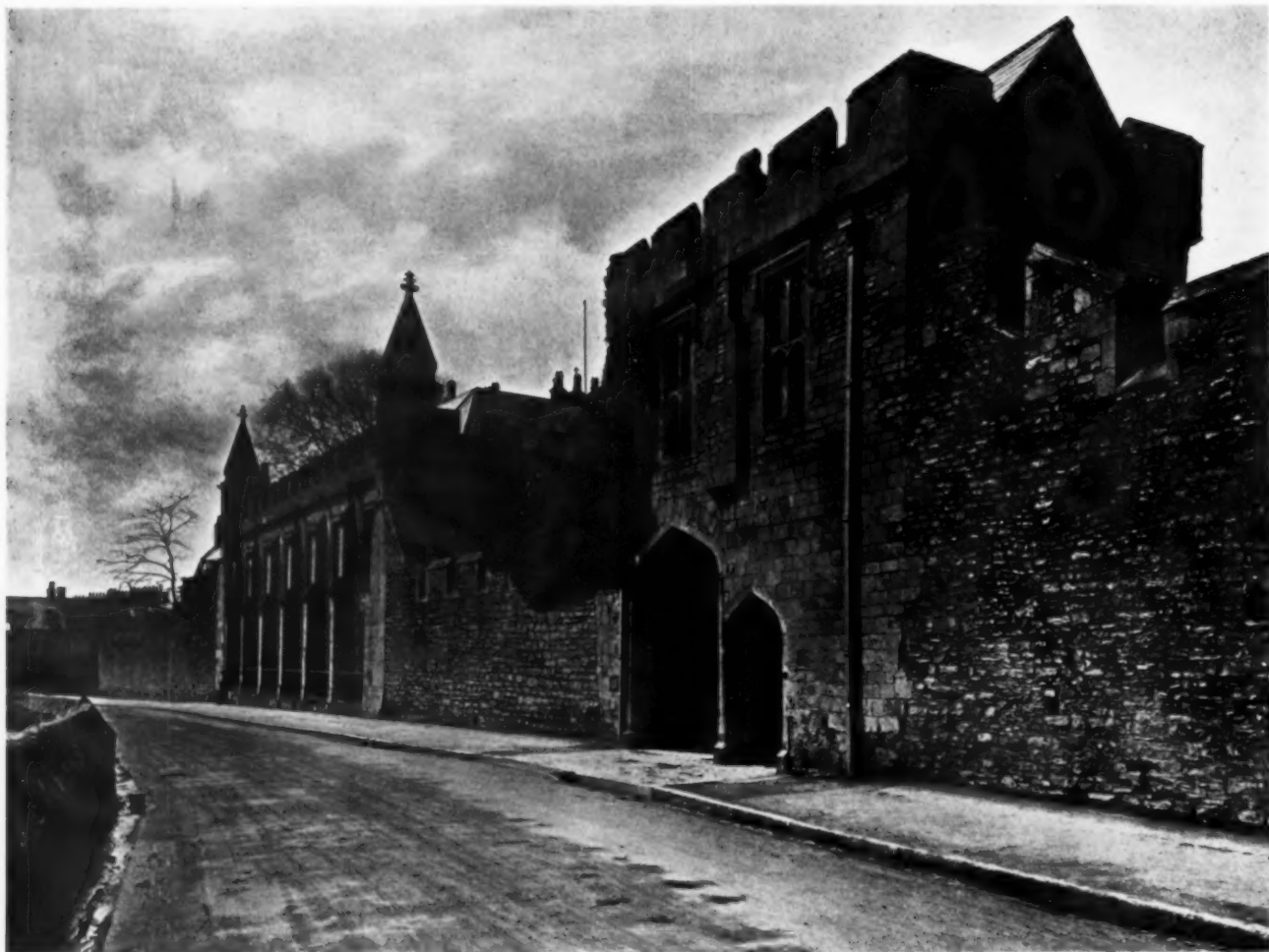
THE NORTH SIDE OF THE DEANERY (c. 1480).

"COUNTRY LIFE."



builder, Dean Gunthorpe (1472-98). But we have evidence in stone that a great deal of building was done by one of his predecessors about the middle of the fifteenth century. This will become clear as we proceed to a description of the house as it at present stands. Passing under the great gateway we find ourselves in a courtyard with buildings on two of its sides. Immediately opposite is the gardener's cottage, spoken of above, and west of it certain ancient offices which connect it with the east side of the main dwelling-house. The house lies four-square, surrounding a smaller court, which in the seventeenth century was almost entirely built in. The east side of the square has an entrance porch, to the left of which is a large Elizabethan hall with bedrooms over it. We go through this hall, and so reach the foot of the main staircase. Turning now to the right we enter the dining-room, and pass through it to a small room in the south-west corner; and through this, again turning to the right, we come into a quaintly-panelled room called the lower library. We have thus traversed three sides of the square on the ground floor. If we ascend the staircase we find on the south side of the house, and facing the Cathedral

Last year (1912) the narrow stair of the turret on the side nearest the gateway was opened out, and some light was thrown on the earlier arrangements before the present great staircase was made. The inside of the turret had been filled with loose rubble; and its clearance required much caution, as the turret proved to be in a precarious condition. A small chamber was found, out of which led two doorways; by one the outside passage to the gatehouse must have been reached by a short flight of steps, the other opened high up in the wall behind the lath and plaster partition of the present staircase. The doorway must have been a little above the level of the great hall, and was doubtless connected with a large stone circular staircase at the east end of the hall. The mischief to the turret was due to the careless way in which two hundred years ago a new doorway at a lower level had been driven through the wall of the turret. The weight of one side of the turret had been allowed to rest on a couple of oak beams, and these were at length reduced almost to powder. A steel girder with an arch of concrete has secured the structure; but the bulge on the south face of the turret remains to show how near it was to a



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THE SOUTH FRONT OF THE DEANERY (c. 1440).

"COUNTRY LIFE."

green, a very handsome room, panelled in the style of the end of the seventeenth century; a corner room, reached through this, leads us to another sitting-room over the lower library. So far we have had no passages; all the rooms are entered one from the other. The north side of the square, which faces the garden, is the beautiful building erected by Dean Gunthorpe, which must be described presently.

The oldest existing portions of the Deanery appear to date from about 1420-1450. To this period we may assign the gateway, which has a fine chamber over it with a fireplace, and a small turret to ascend to the roof. It is connected with the house by a raised open passage on the wall, battlemented on either side. Continuous with this is the south front of the house, a long line of building with seven external buttresses and flanked by two graceful turrets. These buttresses indicate the former existence of a lofty wooden roof—doubtless that of the great hall of the fifteenth century, which must have been raised on a substructure containing offices and storerooms. The moulded beams of this undercroft still remain in the ceiling of the dining-room, though they are now hidden by plaster.

fall. There is another interesting relic of this early period. This is a fine stone fireplace which has been somewhat clumsily inserted into the panelling of the Elizabethan hall. In the process of removal it was considerably broken, and was then pieced together rather irregularly. The thick coats of paint which it has subsequently received hide the damage; they could not now be removed without serious risk, but much of the original beauty has been restored by a simple coat of distemper of the natural colour of the stone. The Bishop's Palace has a similar fireplace, a little larger and perhaps a little less graceful in design. And in Cheddar church there is a tomb which so strongly resembles these two fireplaces that we seem to have the hand of the very same mason. The curious leaf-pattern in the spandrels of the arch, the vine-leaves and grapes in the lower border, and other details of ornamentation recur in all three, though with some variety of arrangement. Happily we can date the Cheddar tomb, for it is the monument of Sir Thomas de Cheddar, who died in 1442. It is most probable that this fireplace was originally in the great hall, which was built in the early part of the fifteenth century, and it was brought downstairs when that hall was reconstructed and a



chimney-piece of carved wood took its place in what is now the Dean's study.

We have thus been led to ascribe to a period not later than 1440 the whole south front of the Deanery, including the gatehouse, the passage on the wall and the great hall with its store staircase at the east end and its offices beneath. Some twenty years later the Archdeacon of Wells was building, or rebuilding, a yet larger hall, which has recently been restored to something of its original beauty, and furnished as the library of the Theological College. The turrets on each end of this hall, though smaller than those of the Deanery, are similar in character, and so help to confirm the date which we have given. The Deanery at this time must have contained other chambers; and somewhere there must have been a domestic chapel. Such a feature was usual in houses of this size and importance; and



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THE DEANERY FROM THE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

we have a curious piece of evidence which points in this direction.

A flying visit from Warwick "the King-maker" brings the Deanery for a moment into the general history of England. In the year 1470 King Edward IV. was endeavouring to shake off for the second time his bondage to the great earl who had set him on his throne. Contrary to his wishes, Warwick had married his daughter Isabel to the King's brother, George Duke of Clarence, at Calais. Then he had invaded England, taken

Edward prisoner and allowed him to retain his throne only under conditions of servitude. But at the end of March, 1470, the King, finding himself at the head of troops, denounced Warwick as a traitor. Warwick, with his daughter and his son-in-law, hastened to the South, reached Exeter on April 3rd and a few days later took ship at Dartmouth. Edward pursued him, but did not get to Exeter till April 14th. Both parties



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THE DEAN'S STUDY (TEMP. SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.)

"COUNTRY LIFE."





Copyright. CHIMNEY-PIECE (c. 1440) IN ELIZABETHAN HALL.

"C.L."



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THE DEAN'S CHAPEL: LOOKING WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

passed through Wells, as we learn by a record in the Chapter muniments of oblations made by them to the Church of St. Andrew. The point which specially interests us here is that Warwick's offering is stated to have been made "in the chapel of the dean." We do not know the exact date of Warwick's visit: it must have been about April 1st. We may be sure that he did not lodge at the Palace; for Bishop Stillington was then the Chancellor of England, having received the Great Seal when it was taken away from Archbishop Neville of York, Warwick's brother. If he was the guest of the Dean, the entry as to his oblation is naturally explained. The King reached Wells on April 11th, and probably stayed at the Palace. The Dean's Chapel is also mentioned in a document of 1395; and a seventeenth century writer speaks of "a fair oratory" in the Deanery before the time of the Commonwealth.

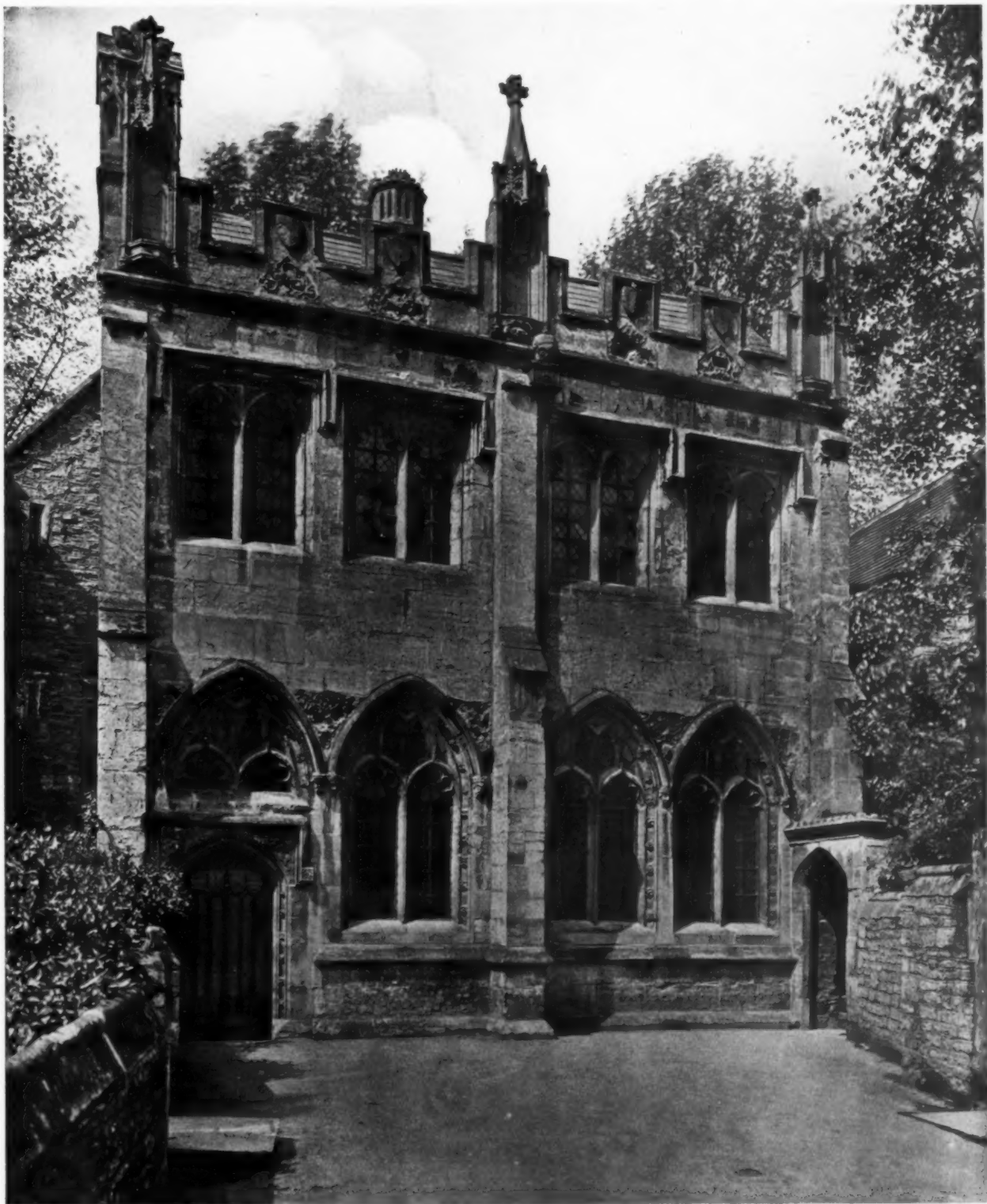
We have now to describe the most beautiful portion of the house, which offers an almost unrivalled example of the Perpendicular style of the close of the fifteenth century as applied to domestic architecture. This forms the north side of the square, and was wholly built by Dean Gunthorpe in the latter part of the reign of King Edward IV. John Gunthorpe was a member of the little band of Englishmen who introduced from Italy the first elements of the Early Renaissance. We first hear of him as Junior Proctor at Cambridge in 1454-5. Then he went to Italy with John Free and studied Greek under the aged Guarino at Ferrara; he brought back a collection of books which he ultimately gave to Jesus College, which his friend, Bishop Alcock, was founding in the last years of his life. In 1466 he was Chaplain to King Edward IV., and soon afterwards Warden of King's Hall at Cambridge, and also High Almoner to the King. He was employed on important embassies, and in December, 1472, he became Dean of Wells. He held the Privy Seal under Edward V. and under the usurper, Richard III., who also employed him as an ambassador. When Henry VII. came to the throne, in 1485, Gunthorpe quickly obtained a full pardon. He must have been too valuable a servant to lose, for twice after this we find him appointed to embassies. But he seems to have held no permanent official post, and most of his time was spent in Wells till his death, in 1498.

To the years 1473-83 Dean Gunthorpe's work as a builder must be ascribed, for it is adorned with the badges of King Edward IV.—especially the rose *en soleil*. The limits of his building are easily defined, for everywhere he has left his own *rebus*. Guns of every size and shape—more than a hundred in number—are carved upon his highly decorated stonework. The mouths of great stone cannons protrude from the exterior of the bay window next the garden; long guns with straps, apparently to attach them to the shoulder and so lessen the rebound, are carved on shields and in the spandrels of fire-places; and small hand-grenades form the centres of



roses, and are also depicted in the remnants of his coloured glass. We can the better understand this if we remember that gunnery was the rage at that time, as much as aeroplanes are to-day. We are told that at the second battle of St. Albans, February 17th, 1461, not only were cannon used, but "for the first time in English military history there were also smaller firearms in the field, Warwick having a body of Burgundian hand-gun-men in

Antiquities of Wells," discussed at some length the mediæval arrangement of what he considered to have been Dean Gunthorpe's Banqueting Hall. Unfortunately, the whole of the first floor was at that time disfigured and disguised by division into bedrooms and passages, so that Parker was misled entirely in his conjectural reconstruction. When, in 1911, the lath and plaster divisions were taken down, with a view to opening up the old work, a stout oak



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CHAPEL OF VICARS' CLOSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

his service." ("Political History of England, 1377-1485," by C. Oman, page 402.)

The Deanery, and more particularly Dean Gunthorpe's block of building, has twice been carefully described by writers of high authority in the nineteenth century, the one an architect, the other an antiquary. In 1836, Pugin's "Examples of Gothic Architecture" (Vol. II.) gave a technical description, accompanied by eight beautifully engraved plates of measured drawings. And in 1866 John Henry Parker, in his "Architectural

partition, clearly original, was found running across the middle of what had hitherto been supposed to have been the hall, and what Parker had described as the remains of the dais for the high table was seen to be a mere platform of deal, laid down to rectify the level of the passage. It became clear that what Gunthorpe had built was not a hall with screens and solar, but State apartments or reception-rooms on a dignified scale, with large bed-chambers above them. As a matter of practical convenience, it was found necessary to move the great



oak partition a little to the west (to the point where Parker had surmised that the screen of the hall originally stood), in order to utilise the room as a chapel. The upper panels were removed, and in part used again to mend the partition where it had been cut away at the side. The ancient wooden roof was opened out and repaired, and a fine fireplace was discovered in the north wall. But even now the whole of the first storey has not been cleared of its encumbrances, for to the east of the chapel there remains a small wooden staircase leading to the chambers above; and this shuts off another room further east. This is, unhappily, a necessity, for otherwise the whole of the upper part of the house could only be reached by the circular stone stair in the tower at the west end. This tower presents some points of interest. The first chamber, reached as we ascend its staircase, has three tiny windows, which look into what is now the chapel. It has been suggested that this was a music chamber, but the suggestion is not very probable. Above this is a chamber with an iron-covered door—probably a muniment room—approached now only from one of the large bedrooms over the chapel. The upper

that "in a certain great parlour of the residence of the Dean" the Chapter met and granted permission for the burial of Bishop Stillington, who for the four years last past had been an absentee and partly a prisoner. He had been one of Richard III.'s chief instruments, and had not ceased to plot against the new King, Henry VII. The bishopric was not filled for nine months, and when the King arrived in Wells during the vacancy we may well believe that the Palace was in no state to receive him, and that he preferred to be the guest of the Dean. We learn of his visit from an entry in the accounts which records oblations of the King on three several occasions, amounting to one pound, *i.e.*, half a mark each time. It is also on record that Dean Gunthorpe, with the assent of the Chapter, gave the King a missal which had belonged to Bishop Beckinton, in exchange for another to be provided on the King's behalf. The King's second visit was in 1497, when he entered Wells at the head, it is said, of ten thousand troops, on his way to suppress the rebellion of Perkin Warbeck. This was on Saturday, September 30th, and he spent the Sunday in Wells. It is possible that he may have stayed at the Deanery;



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THE VICARS' CLOSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

part of the tower was sadly mishandled about a century ago, when the top storey was renewed in the worst taste of the time. We are fortunate in having a drawing of the north front by John Carter, the antiquary, published in 1796, which shows the tower with four picturesque pinnacles finished with vanes (Angus' "Seats of the Nobility and Gentry," Plate XLII.). The replacement of those pinnacles is much to be wished. In the first of the bedrooms over the chapel two interesting features were lately recovered. A fireplace with Gunthorpe's badges was found behind a modern grate. And when the south window, which had been blocked up, was re-opened a number of quarries of old glass were revealed, each of which bore the "three daisies on a turf," the well-known device of the Lady Margaret, the mother of King Henry VII.; it is probable that this chamber had on some occasion been prepared for her reception.

The King, her son, paid at least two visits to Wells, and a tradition, which goes back to the seventeenth century, declares that he stayed at the Deanery. The first of those visits was in the summer of 1491. On May 15th in that year we are told

but he may have stayed with Bishop Oliver King, who had arrived earlier on the same Saturday, and was present with Dean Gunthorpe at a meeting of the Chapter. The Dean was now an old man, and he died the next year, on June 25th, 1498.

The magnificence of the house as Dean Gunthorpe had left it had a strange effect in the troublous times of the Reformation. In 1537 the Chapter had to accept with what grace they could the King's nomination of Thomas Cromwell, soon afterwards created Earl of Essex, to be their Dean. But it was not for long; eight months after he had done to death the good old Abbot of Glastonbury, his own head fell on the scaffold, in July, 1540. The next magnate who set covetous eyes on the Deanery was the Protector Somerset, and he took possession in January, 1547, when it had been surrendered by Dean Fitzwilliam. Then, in 1550, he got the Bishop to sell him the Palace, giving in part payment the Deanery, which for the next few years was the Bishop's residence. But when Queen Mary came to the throne it was restored to the Dean of her day.



A hundred years later bishops and deans were abolished by Act of Parliament. The Dean at that time was Dr. Walter Raleigh, a nephew of Sir Walter Raleigh, and a chaplain of the King. He was taken prisoner at Bidgewater, and after many sufferings he was brought to Wells. The miserable sequel may be given in the words of a modern historian. "He was confined in the Deanery, where he was in the custody of one Barrett, a shoemaker, the constable of the

city. This Barrett, being one day in ill humour, demanded to see a letter the dean was writing to his wife, and when the dean resisted and struggled to withhold it, he stabbed him through the body. After lingering some weeks, Raleigh died, October 10, 1646. He was buried by Standish, one of the priest-vicars, who read the Church Service over his body, a crime for which he was imprisoned till the day of his death. Barrett escaped all punishment."

At this period a notable Puritan, Dr. Cornelius Burges, was appointed by the Parliament "to preach the Word of God in the late cathedral church of St. Andrew in Wells." He was unpopular with the townsfolk, and they annoyed him by walking in the cloisters while he was in the pulpit. He got possession both of the Palace and of the Deanery: the former he dismantled, and he used materials taken from it to enlarge the latter. To him we may ascribe the insertion of small rooms and passages in the interior of the quadrangle, which was now almost completely covered over. The southern bay window of what is now the chapel was cut down to allow of a passage through it, and three of the Gunthorpe shields thus displaced were set up outside the enlarged kitchen to the right of the entrance porch. Gunthorpe's first storey was divided up, as we have said, into small rooms and passages. A Wells historian of the next generation says: "Cornelius Burges pulled downe the Palace, and took the Deanery for his own habitation; turning that noble Hall, by making of a low roof, into Chambers or rather Cabins; and by contracting those Roomes of State and making such dwindling alterations spoil'd the whole House." But, as in the case of John Bradshawe at the Westminster Deanery, so here the house was made much more commodious, and the new work was solidly, if unhand-somely, done.

The valuation of the Deanery in 1649—that is, of "the materials of the said mansion house, the taking downe and severing of the same being deducted"—gives us an interesting description of it before these alterations were made. "All that capital Messuage or Mansion House with the appurtenances etc. etc. consisting of a flayre gate house at the south entrance thereof, with lodgings over the same, together with one large Hall, two flayre Parlours, a large kitchen, Buttery, Larders, and Cellars, with divers other necessary Roomes below stayres, a faire Dyning roome, and many fayer Lodging roomes with a large Gallerye over the same, a large Stable, and Coachhouse, and other outhouses, £210."

When the King came to his own again, Robert Creighton occupied the Deanery, and, when he was advanced to the bishopric ten years later, Ralph Bathurst, a man of high attainments and good taste succeeded him as Dean (1670-1704). Bathurst was at the same time president of Trinity College, Oxford, where he was a great builder, employing the services of his friend, Sir Christopher Wren. We may readily accept the tradition which assures us that it is to Wren's skill that we owe the beautiful work which was carried out at this period in the Deanery. The west front was renewed with exquisitely



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THE BISHOP'S BARN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fine ashlar-work, and the east front covered with plaster of admirable quality; and the battlements on both sides belong to the same work. But the most notable achievement was the recasting of the old hall, which has given us the great room on the south side, which is now used as a study. The proportions of this room are excellent, the panelling is full of dignity, and there is fine carving in the chimney-piece: the great wooden window frames, though they contrast painfully with

the medieval buttresses when looked at from outside, are most satisfactory from within. Such as Dean Bathurst left it, with but small exceptions, the house remains to-day.

J. ARMITAGE ROBINSON.

## THROUGH THE COW'S MOUTH

THERE has long been a suspicion, amounting to conviction in many minds, that it is possible to adulterate milk through the cow's mouth; in other words, give the animal plenty of water in one form or another and the result will be a full pail. The subject is carefully discussed in the August number of the *Journal of the Board of Agriculture* under the title, "The Effect of Watery Foods on Milk." The writer recalls that in 1910 a French dairyman was convicted for selling low-grade milk, and the conviction was based on the belief that milk can be watered indirectly through the mouth of the cow. As a result of this conviction, and in order to avoid injustice, the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries entered into negotiations with the Agricultural Education Association with a view to arranging an experiment to test the matter. Seven cows were taken for the test. They were fed on concentrated and dry foods and mangolds, and every seventh day the food was thoroughly salted in order to provoke a hearty thirst in the patient cow. But the result did not prove much. An excessive dose of salt did not induce excessive drinking, and, as a second result of this experiment, it was stated "that the quantity of the water drunk by cows has no direct effect upon the quality of the milk." Now Mr. Primrose McConnell, who to a considerable amount of theory adds the knowledge of a practical dairy farmer, made the following comment on this: "To the present writer the experiments do not seem to have gone far enough. It is a matter of common knowledge that the lush grass of spring, an excess of mangolds, or too many brewers' grains will promote a great flow of milk, but that that milk will be poor, and farmers who do not do anything to modify such feeding will find their milk coming dangerously near the standard." Here the writer speaks from obvious facts. Every cow-keeper knows that when the spring grass is lush and sweet and fresh the flow of milk is much greater than it is when the pastures begin to dry up in July or August, although the amount of solid feeding stuff has not actually diminished. Continuing, the writer of the article refers to a German experiment on the use of molasses as a condiment in food and its effect on milk secretion. The addition of molasses to unappetising foods raised the milk yield by nearly one-half. After further experiments the conclusions reached were: (1) That many feeding stuffs have a specific effect on the yield and quality of milk; and (2) That this effect is to be attributed to stimulating substances in the food—substances which have physiological rather than nutritive effects, and which are present in foods in small quantities only. And the final comment of the writer is as follows: "As has already been pointed out, it is difficult to eliminate factors other than the one the effect of which it is desired to investigate. The water in the food may be associated with substances which produce physiological effects resulting in an increased yield of milk, but care must be taken not to attribute such an increase to the influence of the water in the food. This mistake appears to be largely responsible for the very conflicting views which obtain."



## BRONX PARK ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE many improvements carried out of late years in our own "Zoo" at Regent's Park and others which one hears are in prospect gives the subject of "Zoos" a special interest at present; therefore a few words regarding that of New York may be seasonable. Bronx Park lies at one extreme end of the Elevated Railway which threads its devious way above the heads of unfortunate walkers in the streets of New York and adds its by no means

inconsiderable contribution to the nerve-racking noise of that "hustling" city. Before reaching the "Zoo" by this route, one passes in an ascending scale all the stations named according to the number of their respective streets, and one experiences almost a home-like feeling by getting among those bearing ordinary names instead of numbers. One wonders why at this end the system of numbers is given up at a certain stage.



ONE OF THE DEER PARKS.

At the other end, where the same thing occurs, one can understand that even the systematic American shies at designating a street "Minus One"; but it should be quite in keeping with his view of life and even afford certain satisfaction to have the number of his streets run into several figures. Evidently someone who had the arranging of this end of New York must have been modest.

The Bronx Park, like most of New York, is on stone ground, and the

part occupied by the "Zoo" clever use has been made of the rocks and undulations to produce an effect of wildness in keeping with the animals whose home it is. In our own gardens this has been attempted, sometimes with great success, notably in the case of the small wading-birds' pond, which certainly adds greatly to the charm of its beautiful inhabitants, and I do not think there is anything in New York which is



THE POLAR BEARS' DEN.





THE BUFFALOES' PARK.



RED DEER.



PRJEVALSKY'S HORSES.

better, if as good. In the case, however, of some of the larger animals—as, for instance, the enclosure occupied by the polar bears—in Bronx Park, a fine rock background surmounted by trees and ferns certainly carries out the idea of suggesting natural surroundings—though possibly not for polar bears—more than anything we have here. In one of the new bear enclosures at Regent's Park the excellent work of this kind done in what one may call the foreground of the pen is marred by a wall built across the back. At the Bronx Park notable features are the enclosures in which the buffaloes and deer are confined, the former occupying what is little short of a park to themselves, shaded by trees and broken up by outcrops of rock here and there. In the case of the deer, of which they have a fine collection, all have ample space, and instead of, as with us, seeing the magnificent wapiti tramping his weary round of a mud and gravel yard, deforming his horns and spoiling his temper by rattling the iron bars, you see the beautiful animals under trees, cropping the grass and flecked by sunlight or lying in groups where the shade is deeper. Many of the deer enclosures are grouped together and, as well as being individually large, together give the effect of a wide park, as the fences in use are of a kind which, with the exception of the upright posts, in themselves not obtrusive, are practically invisible at a little distance. This system of fencing has a great deal to recommend it, and is, wherever possible, much preferable to the old-fashioned bars. Iron uprights carry a wire fence of horizontal and vertical strands, fastened together where they cross one another; this, while interfering little with the view, according to the principle of distributed strain is of great strength. Owing to the one series of wires being uprights, they do not to any extent catch the light from above, and the scientific construction of the whole allows of the strands being of comparatively small gauge. One can see the reverse of all this in the case of the splendid parrots' aviary at Regent's Park, where, owing to the strands being placed diagonally, every one is visible in almost any light, and no background renders them invisible. In New York space is ample, and all the park is open to the public. One wonders if some part of Regent's Park could not be profitably used in something like this way, say only for the purpose of giving the deer more room. We know that the "Zoo" is obliged to charge for admission on account of financial reasons, but could not some ground be loaned to them for this purpose, even if it was outside the "paying area," as, like the big drum outside the show, it might attract those who could afford to pay for the sight of what was inside. It is a suggestion, at least. The big beast in a little pen is out of date, and the authorities at the "Zoo" have of late years shown so much inclination to improve, as far as their means go, that, admitting the educational value of the collection, the time would seem to have come when they might have some help from outside. G.

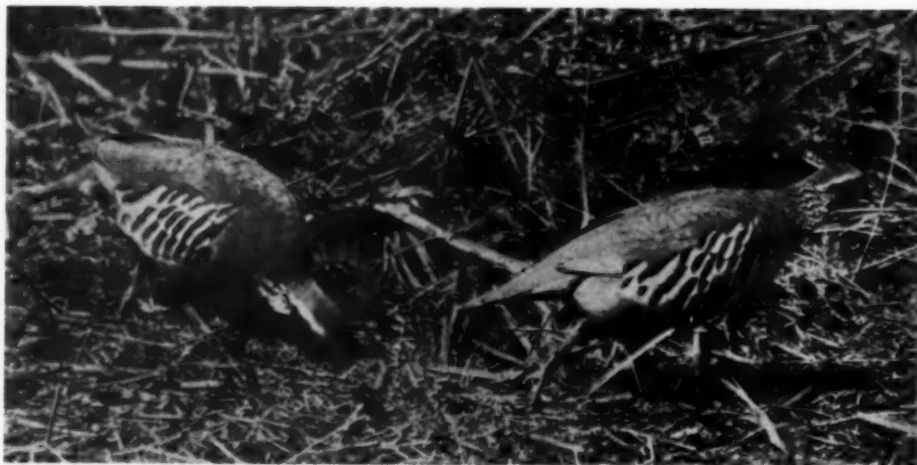
## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### A PAIR OF FRENCH PARTRIDGES.

I HAD raised the "roof" of some adjacent heather and turned it into an admirable place to hide myself and a camera, and was occupying it for the second time when, before I had got my things into workable order, the crunching of dead bracken caused me to take a hurried survey through the look-out. There was no need to be uneasy, for the noise was far too intense to be made by any one or two Frenchmen. A few moments later a genial Englishman, in response to my shout, came over in my direction. I had often told him of my ambition to take a camera "shot" at some of the partridges under his care, and here we had a pair of the, I suppose, less estimable "red-legs" who had provided an opportunity not to be despised. I had no idea what time the important egg-laying function would take place, except that it would undoubtedly approximate to that of other wild birds, but to be on



the safe side I had a camera ready at an early hour on the morning of my first attempt; nevertheless, at 8 a.m. I had to leave without result. Presumably the "Frenchmen" were not early risers. At twelve noon, however, a look in revealed that number five egg had been deposited. The next morning would undoubtedly be an "off" day with



J. H. Symonds. FRENCH PARTRIDGES, A CAUTIOUS APPROACH.

Copyright.

the partridges, so I left it until the morning following before going again. This time I erected a couple of cameras, and was ready at 8 a.m. A wait of an hour and a half elapsed, and then the whirr of wings attracted my attention, and I was just in time to distinguish a couple of French partridges go gliding by on outstretched wings. They flew well into the background, and a little later I found myself eagerly fingering the shutter release in anticipation of their coming. I peered this way and that through the look-out, until at last I was delighted to hear a very delicate crackling of dry bracken. The slight noise grew appreciably and excitingly closer until, in full view, looking handsome in the sunlight of that ideal May morning, came the two partridges. Proceeding cautiously forward, with little hesitations now and again to peck at the ground or scan with

were keeping nicely together, one just behind the other, the hen heading the little procession. I followed them closely along the foot or so until the area focused was reached. Here was the moment, and scarcely before another step was taken the shutter was released. Neither bird cast a glance in the direction of the camera, which speaks well for its silent working.

The hen went to her eggs without hesitation, the cock remaining on guard outside unfortunately, right in front of the entrance. I paused before using the plate in the other camera, hoping he would move; but perhaps it was this or nothing, so I secured him in that position. As previously mentioned, this visit concluded my little undertaking, and when the birds had gone I removed my hiding place, feeling that this method of securing the partridge had provided some good sport. J. H. S.

#### NOTES FROM THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Another crowned pigeon (*Goura coronata*) has just arrived at the Zoological Gardens to add to the already fine collection of those beautiful birds, and of which two varieties are now to be seen. They are the largest of all pigeons, and may be compared in size to a goose, while their slate-blue plumage and bright red eyes add greatly to their distinguished appearance. A characteristic feature of these birds is the large crest of feathers upon the head, which, however, differs in the two species, that of the Victoria crowned pigeon (*Goura victoriae*) being tipped with white, while the common species possesses a self-coloured one. In distribution they are confined to New Guinea and the adjacent islands, and as they have the name for being of a somewhat stupid disposition, and also spend most of their time upon the ground, their capture is rendered by no means a difficult matter. Unfortunately, these pigeons have for long been persecuted by the plume hunters, and it is largely, if not entirely owing to the demands of fashion that they are now becoming so scarce as to be within sight of extinction.

Among the mammals, the most notable new arrivals are four young cheetahs or hunting-leopards (*Cynelurus jubatus*) from Somaliland. The term "cheetah" is derived from the Indian word "chita," and means "spotted," and although the animal is known by the name of "leopard," yet it differs from the true leopard, and, indeed, from all others of the cat tribe, in many important features, the most striking of which is that the claws are only partly retractile, and therefore always visible, whereas with the cats they can be completely withdrawn from sight. The cheetah is one of the few wild animals that is found both in India and Africa. In build



J. H. Symonds.

ON GUARD.

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searching glances the surroundings, they held a peculiar fascination over me as they crept seemingly into my very hands.

Hesitation born of over-anxiety to take no risks, robbed me of a golden opportunity, and I was obliged to clench with an inferior chance, as the hen bird was creeping beneath the bracken to her eggs. While engaged there for about two to three minutes, a conversation was carried on with her mate, who talked and walked about until she was ready to join him. He went some yards away once, then hurried back; the reason why I might have known had I understood the language. The hen made an indifferent effort to cover her eggs before emerging, and, joined by the cock, they winged their way directly over my head. Upon subsequent alternate mornings the partridges came at 9.30, 9.40, 8.45 and 10 a.m. After that I ceased operations. Until the last attempt I had not dared to use a focal plane shutter, although I possess a remarkably quiet working one; but after discovering a little track the partridges invariably used in coming up, I decided to use it. A nice hazy sunlight put me in good spirits, and, eager for the attempt, I hurried up the two cameras, one on either side of me, laid a watch on the ground and settled down to wait. Time began to slip away—already 9.45 had passed—and I was growing a bit uneasy and tired of keeping up a constant watch through the latticed look-outs. Ten o'clock brought my reward. The partridges had arrived somewhat suddenly, for the slight rain overnight had damped down the bracken, and I got no warning. They



W. S. Berridge.

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AT THE ZOO: THE COMMON CROWNED PIGEON.



it is characterised by the great length of its limbs and slenderness of body, and as regards size, a record specimen from India measured 7ft. in length, of which the tail accounted for 2ft. 6in., while another from East Africa had a total length of 7ft. 9in., and a third animal, from North-West Rhodesia, attained to a length of 7ft. 3½in. and weighed 136½lb.

For many years past, hunting with cheetahs has been a popular sport in India, the animals being trained to course antelopes much in the same manner as greyhounds course hares.

The training of a wild-caught cheetah is a matter for considerable patience before it can be considered an expert in its work, and the Oriental mind has evolved a plan which, although sadly lacking in humanitarian principles, yet, nevertheless, appears to prove remarkably successful in its application. The captive is first of all securely tied up, and then, by the united efforts of both the men and women around, it is prevented from sleeping by constantly flapping cloths in its face. Food is also withheld, until from sheer exhaustion the poor creature arrives at a stage



W. S. Berridge.

Copyright.

YOUNG HUNTING CHEETAHS AT THE ZOO.

when it may be considered as tamed. It is then attended to and made much of by its keeper, who from that time is its inseparable companion. B.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## OCCURRENCE OF THE BATH WHITE BUTTERFLY IN DEVON.

SIR,—Referring to the recent occurrence of this insect in Buckinghamshire, recorded in COUNTRY LIFE of August 23rd, it may interest some of your readers to know that I have a note of one seen at Wood Barton, near Kingsbridge, South Devon, on July 12th, 1907, and in view of the rarity of the insect in this country the following details may be added: July 12th was at the beginning of the only really hot week we had in Devon in 1907, and although I did not capture it, the Bath White was so close to me that there was no room for a mistake in identification. When first seen it was flying along the railway bank, which there divides Wood Barton from the river Avon, and it sat for a considerable time, within a few feet of me, on a flower of the red lychnis, slowly expanding and closing its wings. It then flitted rather sluggishly about for some minutes, occasionally alighting again before finally disappearing down a ride in the wood, its flight bearing considerable resemblance to that of the Marbled Whites, several of which were at the time on the wing there. Most of the occurrences of *Pieris daphne* in this country have been in August and in the South-Eastern Counties.—GEORGE BOLAM.

## IN THE GARDEN.

## ANNUAL FLOWERS FOR AUTUMN SOWING.

**I**N a great many gardens, particularly where the soil is of a sandy or very porous character, annual flowers from seed sown in the spring seldom give good results, owing to the fact that the soil becomes parched before they have had time to make sufficient roots to send out in search of moisture.

In such gardens the sowing of seeds in autumn possesses several obvious advantages. But even where spring-sown annuals do well there is no reason why some suitable kinds should not be sown in autumn, as they flower earlier and usually better than when sown in March and April. In those gardens where the soil is heavy clay, or usually lies very wet during the winter months, it would be folly to sow seeds of annuals at present; the plants would be practically certain to succumb to wet and cold, excessive moisture being far more injurious than frost. It is, of course, necessary to select suitable kinds for autumn sowing. Some, such as the *Tropæolum* or so-called *Nasturtiums*, cannot withstand two degrees of frost, and these must be ruled out of court. The following are all quite hardy, and under any-

thing like favourable conditions would give good returns: Virginian Stocks, Godetias, Candytuft, Sweet Peas, pot Marigolds, Cornflowers, *Coreopsis tinctoria*, Alpine, Iceland and Shirley Poppies, *Eschscholtzia*, *Limnanthes Douglasii*, *Bartonia aurea*, *Gilia tricolor*, *Nigella damascena*, *Clarkias* (the old-fashioned sorts), *Collinsia bicolor*, Sweet Sultan, *Silene pendula compacta*, *Saponaria calabrica*, *Nemophila insignis*, Larkspurs, Sweet Alyssum and *Collomia coccinea*. The best time for sowing is the latter part of August and during the first two weeks of September, and if the weather is very dry, artificial watering must be resorted to, as it is necessary to get well-rooted plants before winter sets in.

Thin sowing and early thinning of the seedlings are other points that must be borne in mind, as a sturdy, well-hardened plant is much better able to withstand cold, wet and the ravages of slugs than a weak, attenuated one. It is, however, advisable to leave about twice as many seedlings as are likely to be subsequently required. H.

## THE HEATH GARDEN AT WISLEY.

Pine woods and Heather form the leading vegetation of the country surrounding the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at



FLOWERING HEATHS AT WISLEY.



Wisley. It needs but a glance at the bright patches of Ling, or Heather, of this Surrey moorland to convince one that this is an ideal site for a Heath garden. Backed by Rhododendrons and overshadowed by Oaks and coniferous trees, the Heaths never fail to give satisfaction in these congenial surroundings. At almost any season of the year a certain amount of flower may be seen, but it is doubtful if any season is brighter than the present. Several of the Heaths now flowering are seedlings, some of them of many years standing, and their history is lost in obscurity. Numerous self-sown seedlings appear each year, some of them no doubt hybrids. Of those now flowering the varieties of *Erica vulgaris*, the Cornish Heath

(*E. vagans*), *E. Tetralix* and *E. carnea* are noticeable. The Dorset Heath (*E. ciliaris*), is one of the best of the dwarf Heathers that flower at this season, while the Scotch Heather (*E. cinerea*), is a gem among hardy Heaths. But the most distinct, and perhaps the most effective, of all the Heaths in these gardens now is *St. Dabeoc's*, or the Irish Heath, whose name has been changed by botanists from *Erica* to *Daboecia* and *Menziesia-polifolia*. The crimson-purple blooms of the Irish Heath are freely borne in drooping racemes, while its white counterpart is equally profuse. Both forms may be seen encroaching over a narrow pathway, as much at home as they could be on the edge of an Irish moorland. H. C.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

**M**R. ROBERT HICHENS, greatly daring, has chosen a genius as central character for his new book, *The Way of Ambition* (Methuen). That Claude Heath is a genius is the essential point; to make him a musical genius was a well considered artifice, designed to thwart the carping critic. Not the most fault-finding can either deny or assert that there is genius in music they have never heard and never can hear! And that a roomful of people, fashionable worldlings, mind you, not given to think, should be impressed and hushed by the mere repetition of a phrase from his "Te Deum" tells the judicious reader nothing. There is a majestic rhythm in the English words that might account for the effect produced, "All the Earth doth worship Thee, the Father Everlasting."

There was a silence in the room. Charmian's eyes suddenly filled with tears, she scarcely knew why. She felt as if a world was opening out before her, as if there were wide horizons to call to the gaze of those fitted to look upon them, and as if, perhaps, she were one of these elect.

"Father Everlasting!" The words, and the way in which Max Elliot had spoken them, struck into her heart, and so made her feel keenly that she was a girl who had a heart that was not hard, that was eager, desirous, perhaps deep.

Now, how is genius likely to get itself born in fashionable society of to-day? Easier, we would have thought, for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. Yet Mr. Hichens boldly pitches his into a typical fashionable crowd. The units comprising it are a constant quantity. Most are frankly intent on their own pleasure, and such interests as they have in art are usually very frankly expressed. Far from being surprised at the reluctance of the genius to become one of them, one feels that the very prospect might have bored him to death. For the circle was one in which every callow maiden spoke with assurance. In the course of a fortnight how many geniuses do they discover! Here it is one from a library, "everybody is speaking about his new book," and such argument and such discussion! There it is an actor; elsewhere it is something else. But what is authentic genius, the real Simon Pure, to think of it? More trenchantly than he has done Mr. Hichens might have shown this. It seems, but this may be a triumph of art, he has unconsciously painted society most complicated, conventionalised, unnatural. His theme ultimately is to show how it laid hold of the tender, delicate immanation from the Infinite, which we call Genius, and tried to mould and shape it to its own ideals, with disastrous results.

The chief sinner is the maiden whose words we have quoted. For her genius in itself has but small attraction. Mr. Heath at first is repellent to her. Mr. Hichens in describing the girl no doubt enjoyed the sport of "shooting folly as it flies," but he does his sarcasm so deftly and slyly that the victim could not have been conscious of it. Charmian is a highly educated, restless, unsatisfied girl whose ambition far outflies her capacity. The joy of creation never can be hers, nor even the satisfaction of participating in that of another. She is cut off by her very cleverness. She is what society calls a charming, clever girl with a touch of the minx in her; but of so much tact, knowledge and experience that she is blinded by them to that higher, wider region where the winds of fashion do not blow. The artist's aspiration to do for doing's sake she scarcely understands, and yet her compeers name her ambitious, for they know only the hopes of wealth untold and of the distinctions that carry weight in the drawing-room. Hers is the glory of the footlights. Nothing brings this out better than the contrast in behaviour when Heath and she witness together a great musical success:

At last the curtain fell on the final scene, and the storm which meant a triumph was unchained. Heath sprang up from his seat, carried away by a generous enthusiasm. He did not know how to be jealous of anyone who could do a really fine thing. Charmian, in the midst of the uproar, heard him shouting

"Bravo!" behind her, in a voice quick with excitement. His talent was surely calling to a brother.

And of her:

Charmian turned round to Claude Heath, who towered above her. He did not notice her movement. He was gazing at the stage while he violently clapped his hands. She gazed up at him. He felt her eyes, leaned down. For a moment they looked at each other, while the noise in the house increased. Claude saw that Charmian wanted to speak to him—and something else. For a moment, during which the blood rose in his cheeks and forehead, and he felt as if he were out in wind and rain, in falling snow and stern sunshine, he said:

"What is it?"

"All this ought to be for you. Some day it will be—for you!"

There is a love story, but we need not follow it; the art story is so much more entrancing. Let the reader imagine that the courtship is over and gone and the marriage feast grown cold. As a wife she finds it impossible to let things alone. She furnishes a studio for him, gets him shut up in it (morally), sets a guard to let no noise interrupt his compositions and altogether makes him feel like a hen confined in a nest till its egg is laid. Genius cannot work under such conditions, but she only changes them to others that are worse. Finally, she pilots him into the way of writing an oratorio, lets his work be cut and carved to suit the exigencies of the stage and opens a door to the worldlings. The result is described in the letter of a friend writing after what had appeared to be a success:

I believe you know what I know, what the audience knew to-night, that the work you gave them is spurious, unworthy. It no more represents you than the mud and the water that cover a lode of gold represent what the miner is seeking for. I'm pretty sure you must know."

But the way of great achievement is hard with the paving-stones of failure, and in the novel it all ends with eyes opened, freedom gained, and a new beginning with a new strength—a thoughtful, suggestive book for those who care to follow it along the under lines.

### NOVELS.

**Crowds**, by Gerald Stanley Lee. (Methuen.)

IF the reader be not always in sympathy with the opinions of Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, which he expresses at some length in this volume, at least it may be safely predicted these opinions will arouse interest. Mr. Lee is an American writer, his sympathies are democratic, and he is an optimist. He writes vigorously where his feelings are especially concerned, though at the same time in a manner temperate and persuasive. The subjects on which he discourses are varied. The matter has been roughly divided under three heads; these comprise Cathedrals, Crowds, and Machines, and the reader will realise the applicability of these for himself when he comes to follow the author's somewhat scattered, Catholic, but sincere expressions of his convictions.

**Harry the Cockney**, by Edwin Pugh. (T. Werner Laurie.)

WITHOUT undue elaboration of his subject, and in a manner at once agreeable and unassuming, Mr. Pugh gives us in *Harry the Cockney* an interesting study. An average uneventful history, the story stands solely upon its merits as a faithful description of an ordinary youth of the lower middle class, and so considered is of interest. Yet there is something at fault in the book, and this destructive quality impresses itself upon the reader more definitely as he proceeds, to declare itself eventually as a complete absence of humour combined with an element of leaden hopelessness. Mr. Pugh has taken his hero too seriously, and though we follow with sympathy his upward struggle, it cannot be said that the novel is not a painful one in its unrelieved sordidness.

**The Brat**, by Mrs. H. H. Penrose. (Mills and Boon.)

OF course, Mrs. H. H. Penrose does not ask us to accept her heroine, Phoebe Watford, as a typical example of the spinster of forty of the present day. Phoebe Watford's place is in the past of twenty years ago; her pupils—for she is a meek governess—are of to-day, and this makes an awkward anachronism. The Victorian-bred Phoebe is a poor-spirited creature enough, and her pupils are young demons; yet Mrs. Penrose leads us on, in spite of our impatience with out-of-date whimsies, through the stony roadway of her conscientious heroine's journey to belated matrimony and deferred happiness. The tale is as every-day and innocuous as the reader intent on the obvious could desire. It has nevertheless the saving grace of a disarming sincerity.



# ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

## THE TRIANGULAR SYSTEM IN GOLF ARCHITECTURE

**W**HEN we play upon a new golf course we have a general admiration for the architect's ingenuity that produced the finished article out of the raw material of heather and primeval forests; but we have not, as a rule, any real notion of the principles that guided him. One of these principles consists, I believe, of working on what is called the triangular system. This is illustrated by the picture and diagram which we owe to Mr. T. Simpson, who, in partnership with Mr. W. H. Fowler, is now dotting new courses about the country; in fact, the ideas in this article are substantially Mr. Simpson's, and I cannot claim any credit for them.

The diagram shows very clearly why the system is called triangular, and it must strike anyone that a course devised on this principle will be more varied and entertaining than one laid out in parallel lines. Personally I have a weakness for the course that takes, roughly speaking, the form of one big circle, with a tract of unused ground in the middle. A good instance is that truly noble course, Swinley Forest, where nearly all the way round one seems to be far away from other players. There is a magnificent feeling of spaciousness about it, and coming home is a complete change from going out. But, needless to remark, this plan demands a prodigal use of space, and most clubs are not so lucky as to have so much room at their disposal. As a rule, every available inch has got to be put to the best and most economical use, and it is then that there is a great temptation to have holes running exactly parallel to one another.

Against this parallel plan there is a great deal to be said. In the first place it is very tiresome to the player; he feels as if he were tethered by a long string which allows him to go for ever up and down the same piece of ground, but never lets him get right away. I know an otherwise excellent course where there are three holes on parallel strips next door to one another, and though they are good enough, collectively they are—to me at least—intensely boring. If ever the player makes a crooked shot—an accident that will occur now

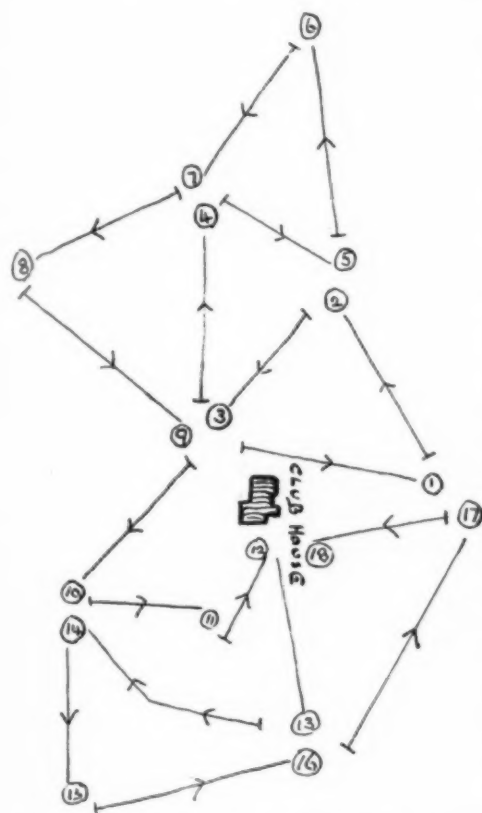
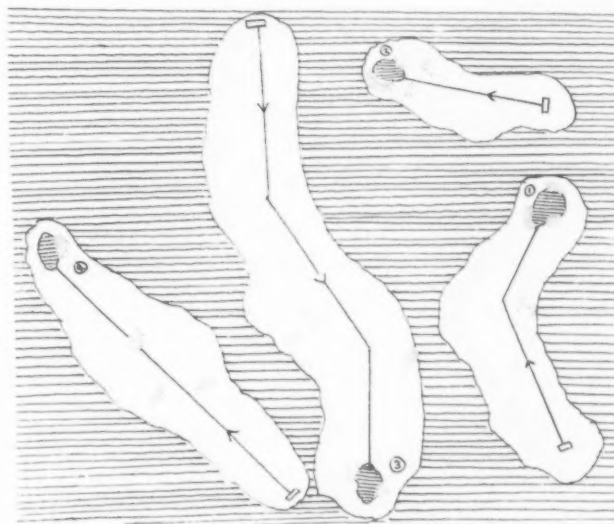


Diagram of a course planned on the triangular principle. It would be rare to find it possible to lay out a course so conveniently as shown in this sketch, which, nevertheless, serves to illustrate the principle on which to start. Greens 1 and 17, 2 and 5, 4 and 7, 3 and 9, 10 and 14, 13 and 16, and 12 and 18 are close to each other. Starting places: 1 or 10 or 4 or 13.

and then—he is invading someone else's territory, and at the same time that someone else is slicing or hooking into his territory. This is irritating to the tempers of both parties, and in some degree dangerous to their lives and limbs.

Again, there is this disadvantage, that very often the moderate criminal is punished, while the out-and-out, thorough-paced scoundrel goes scot free. The poor man whose offence is comparatively venial is inevitably caught in the strip of rough or lateral bunkers that mark the dividing line between the two fairways; the abandoned villain hooks or slices on so big a scale that his ball careers over the dividing line and comes to rest

in the next-door fairway. There he gets a perfect lie, and, barring some little loss of distance and perhaps a rather more difficult approach shot, is none the worse for his crime; at any rate, he has not got to play his niblick. Finally, while playing on parallel lines the golfer gets far less amusement and education out of the wind. He may have it now one way and now another, but those two ways are the only ways, whereas if there is a little change of direction at every hole he has to be constantly adapting himself to new conditions. It always seems to me to be one of the great merits of Muirfield that one has to be perpetually on the look out for the wind, because it is never quite the same at any two consecutive holes. It is really a fascinating quality in a course that is not usually given much



Example of how to clear an area of gorse for the fairway of four holes, working on the triangular system, i.e., avoiding straight lines.

credit for fascinations of any kind. In the same way it is something of a blot on the splendour of St. Andrews that there is too much going out against the wind and coming back with it or vice-versa.

There are some other essentially practical advantages in the triangular plan; one is that it tends to bring groups of putting greens close to one another, and this naturally makes for economy in staff, plant and upkeep. Another is the providing of as many starting-places near the club-house as possible. In the diagram, which is admittedly of a slightly Utopian character, because it is but seldom that the lie of the land would work out so ideally, it will be seen that there are four such starting points—the first, fourth, tenth or thirteenth holes. This is a great blessing anywhere, but more especially on a course near a town, where nearly all the players arrive on Saturdays and Sundays, at the same time, by the same train. It is largely this desire for more starting places that has produced the now fashionable system of laying out a course like a figure eight—two circles of nine holes radiating from the clubhouse. Rye is a good example, though the links there were laid out before golfing architecture had come to be so technical and exact a science, and other well known instances are Stoke Poges and St. George's Hill. It is, by the way, rather curious that many people are so reluctant to avail themselves of alternative starting places. They have a rather non-sensical feeling that "it puts them off to begin at the wrong place," and they will toil round in a dreary procession, starting from the first tee rather than get round in freedom and comfort from the tenth. However, this is not the architect's fault; he can give the golfer a tee, but he cannot make him drive from it.

B. D.

## THE LATE MR. GARDEN SMITH.

By H. G. H.

MANY a golfer will have been deeply shocked and grieved to read of the death, at the early age of fifty-three, of Mr. Garden Smith. He was for many years editor of *Golf Illustrated*, and the keenest of fighters for what he believed to be the best interests of the game, and a most zealous partisan; but despite this zealous spirit, inherited from Aberdonian ancestors, it is doubtful whether he ever made an enemy during the course of many strenuous years of editorship, and it is very certain that he made a host of friends. But what makes the news of his death such a poignant sorrow is the knowledge that it has come to him



as the end of a prolonged period of ill-health and suffering, borne with a high courage which gave us a hope that he would fight his way to the enjoyment of many untroubled years of comparative health and ease. It was not to be, and he has entered into eternal rest. In addition to editing the principal paper which devotes itself to golf, he was the author of several books on the game. More than any other student of its history, he fought the illusion, as he believed, and went far towards proving it to be, that golf as we know the game had its

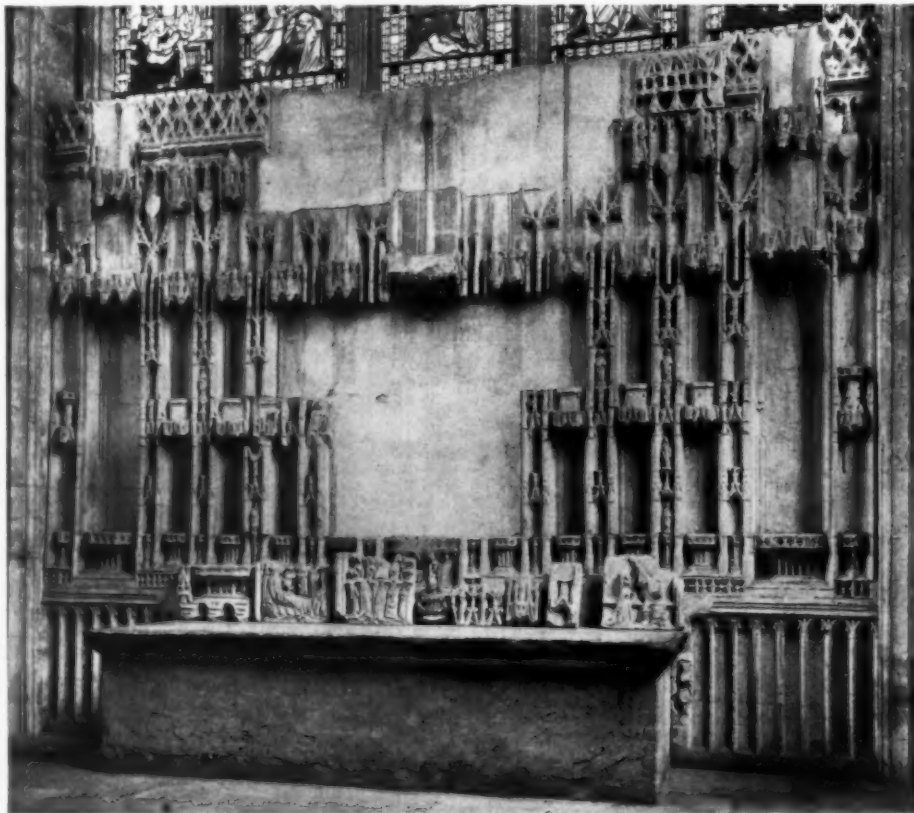
origin in Holland. He claimed the game as a truly native product for his own country. Before his health failed him Mr. Smith was a fine player, and won many scratch medals on different courses. To the writer of these few poor lines of appreciation it is a pleasure to think that though the difference of opinion between himself and Mr. Gard-n Smith on some points connected with the game was often acute, it was a difference which in no way affected a warm personal friendship.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### CHRISTCHURCH PRIORY, HANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Five thousand six hundred pounds has been left for the restoration of the small Lady Chapel at the east end of the Priory Church of Christchurch in Hampshire. The internal dimensions of the chapel are about thirty-six feet by twenty-one feet. It was built in the fifteenth century, and possesses an imaginative grace in its workmanship and a fine beauty in its design which can hardly be surpassed. Among other exquisite features, the building contains a reredos, now alas! damaged, but still showing a delicate excellence of work which it is rare to find. The question before us is: Will Christchurch Priory benefit by the legacy? It will certainly benefit in so far as the money is directed to its upkeep now and for the future, but in this way only a small part can be used, as the building is in good repair. I believe it is proposed that the money should be spent on new stained glass for the windows. When stained glass is placed in such a building, however great its beauty may be, it brings with it disadvantages which are greater. Seen from without, the brilliancy of light reflected by clear glass is lost and worse than lost, for in its place is substituted the hideous wire or other protections which invariably accompany stained glass. From within one can never escape the glass artist, and this last disturbs the peaceful enjoyment of old-time art that is sought in mediaeval churches, but which we so seldom find now. In the place of passing clouds and moving foliage dimly seen through clear glass, we are given an arrangement of colours and forms exemplifying the modern expression of the glass painter's art, and perhaps also the idiosyncrasies of an individual. Again, a way of spending the money which one shudders to think may possibly be seriously suggested is the restoration of the reredos. In short, we must not sit silent while such a sum is spent on a fine example of mediaeval art, when the result can only be to reduce its existing charm. It is in order to gain the interest of your readers, so that they may use their influence to secure that this gem of architecture may not be injured by the misuse of this dangerous bequest, that I have addressed this letter to you.—A. R. POWYS, Secretary, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, 20, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.



"SO EXQUISITE THAT ITS FIRST PERFECTION COULD HARDLY BE IMAGINED MORE BEAUTIFUL."

—Lord Ferrers.

### ANOTHER PET BIRD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We have added another tame bird to our garden besides the thrush Ursula which I have written to you about, which has for four years come boldly into my bedroom, and the great-tit which eats from one's hand. The other day my sister, hearing a great commotion in the plane tree, went to investigate, and found a hen blackbird, suspended by a thread fastened to one of its legs, half-way up the tree, imitating the earth in its orbit. With the aid of a step-ladder and climbing, she broke off the branch from which it dangled and proceeded to descend from her perilous position. On examination, which was submitted to with apparent philosophy, she found that a black thread was twisted round the leg and between the toes of the bird. To show its gratitude for thus being rescued from a slow and lingering death this bird has attached itself to the family in a most confiding manner. It takes up a position beneath

the chair on which one is sitting, and flings its anxiety for its future maintenance to the winds. After a fortnight it eats from the hand, which for such a timid bird as a blackbird is most surprising.—C. H. M. JOHNSTONE.

### REPUTED LONGEVITY OF THE TOAD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is a widely held but erroneous belief that the common toad is capable of living for hundreds of years. The opinion is based on the fact that toads have been found alive in cavities of solid rock, and those who hold this belief go so far as to say that the life of the creature must be coeval with the age of the rock in which it is enclosed! But the late Professor Buckland, the geologist, successfully controverted the idea. After a series of experiments which he made on the vitality of toads enclosed in wood and stone, he said: "From the result it seems to follow that toads cannot live a year excluded totally from atmospheric air, and that they cannot survive two years entirely excluded from food." The first effort of the young toad, as soon as it has left its tadpole state and emerged from the water, is to seek shelter in holes and crevices of rocks and trees. An individual which, when young, might have thus entered a cavity by some very

narrow aperture, would find abundance of food by catching insects which, like itself, seek shelter within such cavities, and may soon have increased so much in bulk as to render it impossible to go out again through the narrow aperture at which it entered. A small hole of this kind is very likely to be overlooked by common workmen, who are the only people whose operations on stone and wood disclose cavities in the interior of such substances." Upon Easton Heath, part of the Marquess of Exeter's estate near Stamford, a living, full-grown toad has just been found in a cavity in the solid limestone rock, eight and a half feet from the surface. When discovered, it was coated with what the workmen called "a white fillum," but after a few days' exposure to the air and light and with access to water the creature assumed its

normal colour and markings. It received a wound from the blasting operations, and, in spite of the attention given to it by Mr. Booth, Lord Exeter's superintendent of the Stamford Waterworks, who stitched up the wound, it died. Mr. Booth has had the specimen preserved in spirit. This discovery to some extent confirms Professor Buckland's view, for although the workmen could see no trace of a surface crack, the rock for some distance immediately round the cavity had become discoloured by the action of water, which most likely got there by some at present unseen fissure.—GEO. H. BURTON.

### BATS CAUGHT WITH A DRY FLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Hervey in COUNTRY LIFE of August 16th gives an interesting account of a bat caught with a dry fly. My husband, while fishing on the Teme, once captured a bat in the same manner, and to his surprise found another cast, with flies attached, also fixed in the animal's lip. The casts were removed and the bat liberated none the worse for the adventure. Both casts were used again for their legitimate purpose. Surely a unique experience?—F. L. E.



# EASTERN COUNTIES OTTER HOUNDS IN ARRAN

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The Eastern Counties Otter Hounds have recently paid a second visit to the Isle of Arran by the kind invitation of the Marquess of Graham, and during the fortnight they were there four otters were accounted for again: three in 1912. Splendid weather prevailed throughout, which added greatly to our enjoyment on this beautiful island, rain only falling on one occasion for a few hours, which I should think is a record for this country. The hunting was full of interest, and three days especially stand out as being worthy of record, the first being from the meet at Sliderry Water, where six and a half couple of hounds hit off what proved to be the finest and longest drag we have had in Arran, at the junction of a small burn a short distance above Sliderry Bridge, which is only a quarter of a mile distant from the sea. Up-stream they carried it to the Carding Mill, and thence left-handed up the Boguille Burn. Mounting higher and higher we got to the top of the water-shed, and hounds, now fairly flinging to it, ran from scent to view, the Master just getting up in time to see them pull their otter down in the open on Boguille Moor, one thousand feet above sea level and five miles from where the drag commenced. The second day was when we were right royally entertained by the officers of the Submarine Depot in Lamlash Bay. After breakfast on board ship we were rowed in a cutter to the Holy Island, where, after some fine terrier work in a huge cairn, hounds accounted for a large dog otter. The last day we met at Brodick Castle, where we received a hearty welcome from the Marquess and Marchioness of Graham, who kindly showed us the magnificent collection of deer trophies taken on the island, dating



WATCHING THE OTTER AT SEA.

Barle, Somerset, last week. I saw an unfortunate fisherman's cast hanging high up on a tree overhanging the river, with what appeared, at first sight, a piece of weed on the end of it about the size and shape of the bowl of a dessertspoon. Upon touching the supposed weed I noticed a squeaking noise, and with my rod I released the line, and, to my astonishment, found a bat, evidently self-hooked, on the lower fly (Wickham's Fancy). It was an easy matter, in the daylight, to reel my capture, but at dark the bat flew away, apparently uninjured. I might add the dressing of the fly had been practically destroyed. I may mention that this incident was witnessed by two friends, who saw the bat captured and still on the hook.—HUGO R. BIRD.



ON A DRAG AT CORRIE.

back to 1770. On drawing the rhododendrons at the foot of the castle hounds were soon roaring on an overnight drag, and in the dense undergrowth on the banks of the Merkland Burn they found their otter lying rough. After twenty minutes in covert over the stone wall he went to sea, and then ensued as fine a bit of swimming and marking as one could wish for. For over two hours they kept in touch with him, finally pulling him down as he drew out on to the rocks. This, combined with the moorland hunt, will ever make the visit a memorable one.—B.

## THE SQUIRREL AND THE TOADSTOOL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "P. G. N." in last week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE enquires if anyone besides himself has observed a squirrel with a toadstool. Years ago, in Sussex, I witnessed a squirrel, carrying a mushroom in its mouth, run up a tree.—F. L. E.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to Mr. H. W. Price, the bees are eaten by a small bird, a sort of tit. He bites off their heads and bites out their viscera. I have seen thousands of cases. In answer to "P. G. N.," I have often seen squirrels eating toadstools. They habitually do so.—O. R.-L.

## "BLIND AS A BAT?"

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to your article "Blind as a Bat" in this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE, it may be of interest to your readers to know of my "catch" when fishing in the

## "LITTLE HAREBELLS O'ER THE LEA."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having seen your note to the letter written by "P." in COUNTRY LIFE of August 9th, I should like to let you know that here in Cranham, Gloucestershire, I have now before me two specimens of this flower with twelve flowers and buds on each stalk, but I have also before me a blossom which has its corolla, or petals, divided into eight points instead of the usual five. It is the prettiest little bell I have seen, and I have been unable to find another. Since picking it the other four buds on the same stem have opened with only the regulation number of points. The harebells about here seem to grow in great profusion, and it is quite unusual to find only one bell on a stem. The orchis, Epipactis Helleborine, is fairly plentiful in this neighbourhood.—P. CLEMENTI-SMITH (St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe, E.C.).



HOUNDS MARKING THEIR OTTER OFF BRODICK CASTLE.





FORCIBLE FEEDING.

## REARING YOUNG HEDGEHOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following account of some hedgehogs may be of interest. I had for some time been on the look-out for a hedgehog, having read that they could to some extent be domesticated and, owing to their propensity for cockroaches, might be utilised for ridding a house of these pests, with which we are troubled in the kitchen quarters, when a week or two ago, as I was walking along a hedge-row in the evening, my attention was attracted by a peculiar grating squeak, which I found upon investigation to emanate from a litter of three small hedgehogs in tow with their mother. The latter, although usually shy and quick to escape, offered little resistance to being captured, and I was able to secure the family and get them safely home. The young ones were apparently about a week old, and were being suckled by the mother. In size they were about three inches long, and their eyes not yet properly open. Their bristles, although fairly stiff, were not sufficiently so to prevent their being handled; but the largest of the three was able to exercise the power of curling up and stiffening its bristles when irritated to a remarkable degree. As I knew the hedgehog's proclivity for harbouring certain insect life in their coats, I decided to put them in a deep, open wooden box with a handful of shavings and keep them in the wood-house for a time. Before shutting them up for the night a saucer full of bread and milk and a few pieces of meat were put for the mother. My chagrin can be imagined when, upon visiting them on the following morning, I found the mother had disappeared, having apparently escaped through a small crevice in the door, after having first of all, however, eaten all the food put for her. Every nook in the wood-house and garden—and also in the adjacent ones—was carefully searched without success. Whether she had strayed in search of more food and had lost her way in returning, or whether she deliberately deserted her offspring, I cannot say. My immediate anxiety was how to sustain the young ones. First of all, dipping their snouts in a saucer of milk was tried in the hope that they might lap, then a doll's feeding-bottle was tried; but they refused to make any effort to swallow, and I began to fear I should not rear them, when my wife suggested forcible feeding by means of a fountain-pen filler!



SOME OF THE MUSSELS ON THE BRIDGE.

We found the point of the glass tube was rather sharp and abrupt, and a piece of cycle valve tubing was consequently fitted on the end, and each little creature was fed in turn by opening the jaw and inserting the tube, by which means it was possible to fill the mouth until it swallowed. When they had apparently had sufficient, they disgorged through the nostrils, a characteristic, I fancy, of the ordinary domestic pig. Several large fleas were found upon them, but we quickly freed them of these by spraying them with dilute Jeyes' fluid. I enclose a photograph taken at feeding-time. We have now kept these interesting little animals alive for a fortnight, and hope they will shortly be able to feed themselves.—OWEN W. F. THOMAS.

## THE NATIONAL FOOD SUPPLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your interesting note on "The Revival of Agriculture" leads one to surmise that countries will have to grow their own food supply in the near future. Even untaxed foreign food, owing to the imperative necessity of its defence during transit, is not so very cheap when it reaches the industrial worker; but, unfortunately, there seems to be no particular desire on the part of our town dwellers to encourage the growing of food at home, and it is a little difficult to see how they will be fed

when other countries have no foodstuffs over for export.—IMMO S. ALLEN.

## A GIGANTIC HOLLYHOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a hollyhock self-sown in my garden. Its stem measures at the base six and a half inches in circumference. The height is eleven feet six inches, and it is still growing.—H. DE LESSERT.



## BIDEFORD LONG BRIDGE AND MUSSELS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The ancient Bridge of Bideford is now undergoing some much needed repairs, the result of which will be the turning adrift of thousands of mussels. It was evidently the opinion of the Bridge Trustees of days gone by that mussels had a strengthening effect on the sterlings (i.e., the protective work of stakes and stones around the piers and foundations), and their old books contain entries such as: "1713 To boat hire and expences

fetching mussels, 7: 6 1735 Sep 4 & 5. For fetching 2 boats

ELEVEN FEET SIX AND STILL GROWING.

of mussels, ale and meat, 10: 0: 0." These mussels were placed on the sterlings, to which in due course they attached themselves, and their descendants may be found there to-day, as can be seen from the accompanying photograph. The Trustees took every precaution to prevent their disturbance, and in present times the removal of these toothsome morsels is strictly prohibited, several prosecutions having been taken against the unfortunate individuals whose visits under the cloak of night have been duly observed by a watchful constable. But it really is a moot point whether the mussels in themselves act as a source of strength to the bridge. At all events, the present-day Trustees are pinning their faith to the more up-to-date cement. It would, however, be of interest if some expert would express an opinion as to whether these shellfish possess the virtues ascribed to them of acting as a sort of binding agent.—F. W. HOCKADAY.

## LARGE OAK TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There stands an oak tree in Pont Fadog, Glen Ceriog Valley, about four miles from Chirk, which measures forty-eight feet in girth five feet from the ground. It is hollow inside, but living on a rock hillside.—J. HOUGHTON HAGUE.



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